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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

THE RIGHT SPIRIT

"Between you and me, old man, I'm glad they got me before it went any further. Do you know what I'm going to say to them when I go up before the tribunal? 'Thank you,' I'm going to say, 'thank you for saving me before if was too late.' "

"Who denounced you?" said Winston.

"It was my little daughter," said Parsons with a sort of doleful pride. "She listened at the keyhole. Heard what I was saying, and nipped off to the patrols the very next day. Pretty smart for a nipper of seven, eh? I don't bear her any grudge for it. In fact I'm proud of her. It shows I brought her up in the right spirit, anyway."

—Orwell, *1984*

Deanna Young ("a blue-eyed blonde," notes *USA Today*) was all of 13 years old when she showed up at the Tustin, California, police station August 12 to report her parents for using drugs. She brought with her as evidence a trash bag filled with marijuana, unidentified pills, and $2,800-worth of cocaine. Deanna apparently made her decision after hearing an anti-drug talk at church.

Judith, 37, a bankruptcy court clerk, and Bobby, 49, a bartender, were carted off to jail. Although they have since been charged and released, Deanna at last report was still in the custody of the Orangewood Children's Home, despite her pleas to be let out to rejoin her parents. According to Deanna's lawyer, parents and child have met, and "they are very supportive of her."

So we're well on our way toward the conclusion to this story that everyone is longing for: tearful reconciliation-cum-press-conference. Parents announce that they now recognize the error of their ways, praise daughter, join drug rehabilitation program. Nancy Reagan helicopters in from the ranch to present whole family with award for showing "the right spirit." Music up and out. A spokeswoman for Dick Clark Productions—one of several Hollywood companies that have inquired about the film rights—said, "It would be great if the family got back together again and we could have a happy ending."

We don't know what home life was like for Deanna Young. Maybe there was no dinner on the stove most nights, no help with the homework, no one to tuck her in, because her parents were drugged-out all the time. The point is that Mrs. Reagan had no idea, either, to what extent the Youngs' drug habit was interfering with their parental duties when she congratulated Deanna for turning them in. "She must have loved her parents a great deal," Mrs. Reagan opined. *USA Today* found a psychology professor at Kansas State University to declare that it "takes some guts to do something to help . . . when your parents are unable to help themselves." Judging from the sepia-washed coverage this episode has gotten in the press, it appears that encouraging children to spy and rat on their parents is now an official policy of the war on drugs.

Obviously arresting someone for using drugs is not like arresting someone for "thought crimes," as in *1984*. On the other hand, the political response to the current hysteria over drugs contains a genuine whiff of thought-crime thinking. There is more and more pressure for people to get on board, to have "the right spirit."

Consider the growing fad of "voluntary" drug testing. President Reagan started the ball rolling by taking the test himself and inviting 78 top White House aides to follow suit. His Commission on Organized Crime recommends "voluntary" testing for the whole federal government. The only point of such a program would be to set an example for private employers.

In a way, the prospect of widespread voluntary drug testing is even more ominous than the idea of mandatory testing. By ostensibly giving you the right to refuse, voluntary testing makes the act of urinating into a bottle a patriotic gesture—a test of your right-mindedness as well as your clean bloodedness. This is especially true since, as a matter of logic, the notion of voluntary drug testing is nonsense. If you're using drugs and the test is truly voluntary, you won't take it. The test is meaningless unless the authorities are willing to draw some negative conclusion from a person's refusal to take it. And if they are, it's not really voluntary, is it?

Here is White House press spokesman

continued on page 42

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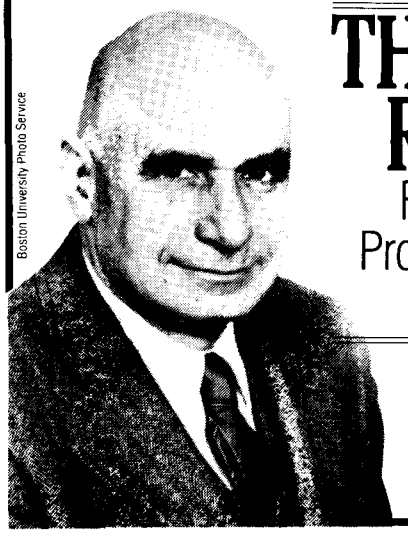

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I know, I *know*. It sounds too good to be true.

22 Great Little Investments

But I *guarantee* that if you read on, you'll *surely change your mind* when you find out more about The TED Spread.

So...what's a TED Spread?

Well, let me back up just a little. For over a year now we've been researching into what we've come to call *The SuperInvestor Files*. And so far we've come up with twenty-two great little investing numbers that your broker–if you have one–may not even know much about. And the first one we've put into plain English is The TED Spread.

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in other words–*everything* you need to know, even if you've never invested before in your life!

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Now, if this short disclosure has intrigued you just a little, why not ask for a free look at the complete TED Spread File? After all, as one man told us, *The SuperInvestor Files* are "like getting ice cream in July"!

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CORRESPONDENCE

BOOBS AND BOO-BOOS

To the editors:

Hendrik Hertzberg's article on Ed Meese's pornography commission ("Big Boobs," July 14 & 21) suffers from two problems. The first is that he himself did not cover the commission hearings, but based his report on the report by two researchers from *Penthouse*—surely not unbiased reporters for such a task. The article follows in the wake of these reporters with snide laughter, and the subliminal point is that any investigation into pornography is ridiculous. That may or may not be true, but Hertzberg doesn't seem to inspire confidence.

The second problem is the dismissal of anecdotal "victim" testimony. The problem, it seems, is with what constitutes a "victim." A good deal of data collecting by sociologists and even law courts is based on people talking about their experiences. If we discount this as valid testimony, what would you put in its place? How to create the proper condition or investigation to go about finding out whether pornography has an effect, and what kind of effect, is the problem. Hertzberg finds the Meese Commission beneath contempt, but offers nothing to take its place. That should be where true inquiry begins.

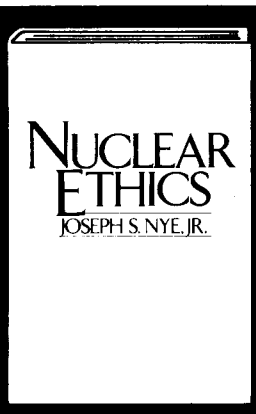
ROBERTA KALECHOFSKY
Marblehead, Massachusetts

To the editors:

As a citizen of Maine I am extremely proud that my fellow citizens defeated the proposed censorship statute on June 10. As Mr. Hertzberg points out, Maine is a conservative state in some ways. That conservatism extends to a healthy skepticism of attempts to legislate fundamentalist values. I only hope other states follow Maine's example.

By way of appreciation to Mr. Hertzberg I offer this advice: should you ever be so fortunate as to visit Maine, never refer to it as the Granite State. That appellation belongs to New Hampshire. Any Maine citizen, regardless of his or her position on censorship, will inform you that ours is the Pine Tree State.

JAMES BRADDICK
Portland, Maine



New light at the end of the tunnel

Joseph Nye's perspective is both unique and authoritative. It derives from his work in moral philosophy at Oxford, and as an expert on nuclear strategy as a former Deputy Under Secretary of State. In NUCLEAR ETHICS, Nye argues that our ability to make critical moral distinctions has been seriously damaged by the all-or-nothing, black and white quality of the current debate. Here, he offers the necessary alternative. Nye's historically based "just defense doctrine" —one that offers a sensitive moral compass for policy choices—provides "the most balanced, scrupulous, and comprehensive discussion of the ethical dilemmas caused by nuclear weapons."—Stanley Hoffmann, Harvard University

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GARCIA AND HYPERBOLE

To the editors:

You state in your August 25 editorial that I had "written to reproach us for charging—'hyperbolically,' 'unfairly,' 'ridiculously,' he says—that there are people in the Democratic Party who secretly support the Sandinistas ('Democrats and Comandantes,' TNR, July 28)." I was surprised and concerned by the reference to my letter both because the letter had not been published and because I was quoted out of context.

The editorial states flatly that I was "wrong" to say this. Then please tell me what you meant when you wrote, "There are Democrats, including some in Congress, who positively identify with the Sandinistas," and who "have been lacing their apologetics with self-protective boilerplate: 'We have no illusions about the Sandinistas.' " This is a clear—and false—statement that some opponents of *contra* aid are secret Sandinista supporters.

But my point was a much larger one. As I stated, Democrats are not being held captive by anyone on any issue relating to Central America. Most voted against *contra* aid, as did some Republicans, because they believed it to be a bad policy and because it has little popular support. I agree, as would most members of the Democratic Party, that we do have "a stake in the outcome of the struggle" in Nicaragua and El Salvador. But that does not mean that there is not room for intelligent disagreement on different aspects of the issue.

The editorial also stated that Democratic Party leadership "was quite willing to let El Salvador fall unnoticed and unlamented to the armed doctrine of revolution," and that the budding Salvadoran democracy is "a big credit on Ronald Reagan's ledger." Democrats pushed for elections and control of the rampant human rights abuses that occurred after the 1979 Salvadoran coup that eventually led to the election of Duarte. The certification process, conditions put on aid to El Salvador by Congress, required that the administration push for human rights and democratic reforms. If it hadn't been for Democratic concerns over these issues, it is highly unlikely that the Salvadoran democracy would be on anyone's ledger.

ROBERT GARCIA
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.
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THE NEW REPUBLIC
SEPTEMBER 8, 1986

PUNT THE PRETENSE

When Len Bias, a star senior on the University of Maryland basketball team, died from a cocaine overdose on June 19, he was 21 credits short of graduation. In the weeks that followed Bias's death, it was revealed that other Maryland basketball players routinely flunked out of school, and then were "re-admitted" to play again. The situation at Maryland was scandalous but typical. For the most part, studying is an incidental pursuit for "student-athletes" at big-time sports schools.

The athlete's job is to play—that is, to boost ticket sales and TV revenue for his school. Practice and travel make sports a full-time job. There's little time for anything else. No wonder coaches tell recruits less about academics than about the glamorous professional career that will follow college—though they know perfectly well that only a tiny percentage of even star players ever make it. The rest get no degree, and no education. That means no career of any kind. Such exploitation corrodes the academic integrity of America's universities.

Exploitation breeds corruption too, as some players, many of them blacks from poor backgrounds, get "taken care of" with under-the-table money from alumni, local businessmen, and other "boosters." Others get taken care of by gamblers and drug dealers. Consider the pathetic story of John "Hot Rod" Williams, a former star center on Tulane University's basketball team. Williams is black. He came to mostly white, upper-middle-class Tulane from a broken home after receiving $10,000 from a Tulane booster. He got into the school even though he couldn't read the verbal section of the Scholastic Aptitude Test. As a physical education major, his schedule included "courses" in soccer and volleyball. Tulane's basketball coach helped his impoverished star with as much as $100 a week—a kind gesture, but a gross violation of NCAA rules. Williams figured prominently in a major cocaine and point-shaving scandal at Tulane last year. He was recently acquitted, but as a result of the scandal, Tulane abolished its basketball program. Few schools have responded to sports scandals so forthrightly.

Last January the NCAA adopted Proposition 48 as a "get-tough solution" to the current mess. Yet Prop 48 hardly sets a rigorous new standard. Previously, jocks only needed a 2.0 high school grade average on a 4.0 scale to get into NCAA schools. Prop 48 says the 2.0 average has to be in 11 "core courses," and requires at least a 700 combined score on the SAT. (You get 400 just for signing your name; top score is 1,600.) As Malcolm Gladwell recently pointed out in these pages, such absurdly minimal standards do nothing about the real scandal—the non-education athletes receive once they're admitted to college. (See "Dunk and Flunk," May 19.) More recently, the NCAA showed its true priorities by refusing to shorten the college basketball season. That would have given players more time to study—but would have cost ticket sales and TV dollars.

It's tempting just to scrap the "student-athlete" sham and make college sports openly professional. If some schools are so dependent on basketball and football income to support their academic and athletic programs, why shouldn't they declare their profit-making intentions? The athletic departments at big universities could be independent corporate entities, forking over a share of their reve-

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nues in return for the use of school names, and bidding for top high school talent. But this would grossly accentuate one of the worst effects of the current system: that too many kids, especially in ghettos, spend too much time out of school and on the playground, dreaming of pro sports never-never land instead of preparing for a real-world job. The incentives for such fantasies are high enough already.

Between outright professionalism and small-college amateurism, however, there are ways to reduce the current exploitation. Step one is to reduce the emphasis schools now place on athletics. At a minimum, this should mean shorter schedules—one semester each for football and basketball—and repealing the rules that make freshmen eligible for varsity play.

Step two is to tailor educational demands to players' true skills and ambitions. The Bill Bradleys can excel both on the court and in the history department. They should be encouraged to get their degrees in four years. A second group of more more modestly talented athletes should have the option of studying one semester, and playing full-time the other. They could finish the final two years of their degrees when their playing days are over, paying for it with scholarship money they didn't use while playing. Michael McPherson of the Brookings Institution has a similar proposal: give athletes four years of athletic eligibility, and six years of financial assistance.

BUT WHAT ABOUT the "Hot Rod" Williamses, who shouldn't be in a four-year college in the first place? As long as colleges are going to admit such students, and as long as they're profiting from the athletes' talents, they owe players a chance to improve academically. That doesn't mean physical education or "general education." It does mean helping them stick to a reasonably demanding academic course load, including remedial work where necessary. Schools could even devise a special degree to award students who complete such a program. Remedial work wouldn't count toward the diploma.

Congressman James Howard of New Jersey has proposed denying tax deductions for gifts to athletic departments that don't graduate at least 75 percent of the athletes they have on scholarship. And any athlete should have to pass all his courses, regular and remedial, with at least a C average. Otherwise, he can't play. A similar rule was just enacted by the Texas public schools for high school sports. It could work for universities, too.

Step three is to grant players a decent share of the wealth they generate for their schools. This is both a matter of basic justice and a means of ensuring that players aren't tempted to accept tainted money. Players should get an annual payment equal to the cash value of their scholarships (at Notre Dame, for example, that's about $11,000). Half of it would be theirs to spend, and half would go into an interest-bearing account, payable only when they complete whatever degree program they chose at the beginning of their careers.

Our proposal may jostle some cherished old notions about amateurism. Expect objections from those who profit most from the current "shamateur" system—big NCAA sports powers, TV networks, and local boosters. But an awful lot of people who don't care much for sports do worry about the integrity of the institutions where their children study. Many such people supported Tulane's decision to scrap basketball and the Texas public schools' "no pass, no play" rule. The NCAA should be leading the move for academic achievement among athletes, not running away from it. Otherwise it can expect to see more embarrassing headlines about corruption in college sports.

NOTEBOOK

□ TAX REFORM WATCH: We have little to add to the hosannas greeting the tax reform bill that emerged from a Senate-House conference committee August 16, because we're in general agreement. If the tax code had become the concrete expression of special-interest gridlock in our political system, this reform shows—in the face of understandable skepticism, including our own—that the gridlock can be broken. We all give up something and we all end up better off. In its substance, the reform reflects three major achievements. First is the restoration of "horizontal equity"—meaning that people of similar incomes will be much more likely to bear similar tax burdens. The greatest cause of disenchantment with the tax system—and to some degree with government itself—was not the size of people's own tax bills but the suspicion (often justified) that others weren't pulling their own weight. The second achievement is fairness in a larger sense. Although it replaces 15 tax brackets with just two, the reformed tax code will be no less progressive than the current one, and in some ways it will be more progressive. This reform removes millions of working-poor people from the tax rolls—people who drifted on through inflation while huge tax cuts were enacted for the upper brackets—and it reverses the shift of the tax burden in recent years from corporations to individuals (that is, from capital to labor). The third and most important achievement is economic efficiency—allowing the market, rather than tax considerations, to direct people's economic decisions. Although this reform is being heralded as another triumph for President Reagan, the most grotesque economic inefficiencies it repeals are the ones in his own 1981 tax act. Reagan deserves the biggest share of the political credit for pushing this bill through. But philosophically, its fathers are liberal scholars such as Joseph Pechman of the Brookings Institution and the late Stanley Surrey of Harvard Law School.

□ AMIDST ALL THE CONGRATULATIONS, though, we wouldn't want people to overlook an article by Jeff Gerth in the *New York Times* about some curious financial experiences of Ways and Means chairman and tax-reform hero Dan Rostenkowski. Rostenkowski set up a "blind trust" in 1980 and put $200 in it. Within 13 months, this investment magically grew into a profit of between $66,000 and

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$100,000. The trustee of the trust was one Daniel J. Shannon, a Chicago businessman and close associate of Rostenkowski's. The 1982 tax bill contained an important special provision for one of Shannon's real estate projects. The just-passed tax reform contains another special provision for one of Shannon's projects. Some of this was reported in TNR six months ago ("Overnight Statesman" by Jacob Weisberg, March 24). No one seemed to care much then, either.

□ IT'S AUTUMN. DO YOU KNOW WHERE THE ZEITGEIST IS? This week we inaugurate a new feature that may require some explanation. It's called "Zeitgeist Checklist," and it's the ingenious idea of Charles Paul Freund, who has been producing a somewhat different version in *City Paper*, Washington's excellent alternative weekly. Webster's defines *zeitgeist* as "the general intellectual, moral, and cultural climate of an era." Our feature, somewhat more modestly than its title, will attempt to monitor what's on people's minds and how this changes from week to week. Each "episode" will list ten items and, like *Billboard* and the *New York Times Book Review*, will also include last week's ranking and the number of weeks on the list. Naturally we cannot promise scientific precision, but we hope you'll find the exercise amusing and possibly even enlightening.

□ CAN YOU BEAR IT? Jane Brody, the health reporter of the *New York Times*, specializes in exposing the terror in everyday life. Whether it be food additives or the air we breathe or not enough exercise or too much exercise, "Calamity Jane" has a dire warning to issue. Anything that tastes or feels good is invariably suspect. Brody's fans have long

THE ZEITGEIST CHECKLIST

BY CHARLES PAUL FREUND

This Week		Last Week	Weeks on Chart
1	**DEATH AND TAXES**	—	1

From *contra* aid to tax revision, the prospect of vacation concentrates the congressional mind wonderfully. The tax story originally played as a class drama (slaying the tax shelter beast) or as a hero piece (Packwood slices through hordes of lobbyists). To help the story along, the media are now suggesting that business may be taking a hit it can't absorb, explaining how you can get around the proposed law, predicting tax hikes and job losses. Moral: economics gets off the business page when it's greased with bad news.

2	**JUNIOR KNOWS BEST**	—	1

The latest twist in the drug story, turning in one's drug-using parents, reads like a nightmare fantasy from an old *ZAP!* comix. According to *USA Today*'s account, the little girl who rats on Pops is a good "American." And what does your daddy do?

3	**HOME IS WHERE THE HARM IS**	—	1

The extraordinary thing about the radon gas story is that it requires a suspension of disbelief. Everything from sunshine to strenuous exercise is already bad for you; now insulating your house may fill it up with a carcinogenic gas you never heard of before. The story has a last-straw quality that is only gradually being overcome. Meanwhile, state health agencies report increasing interest in radon-measuring devices.

4	**SMOKE GETS IN YOUR AISLES**	—	1

Should one be allowed to smoke in airplanes? Or to advertise tobacco products? The anti-smoking campaign, along with the rise of censorial groups, may be indicative of a reinvigorated Social Progressivism by which Americans exhort one another to change their behavior on the basis of scientific findings. Even non-smoking hosts in traditional cultures keep tobacco around for their guests. Americans now think nothing of turning their smoking guests outdoors.

5	**TRIUMPH OF THE WALL**	—	1

The White House may have mistimed its Soviet grain deal. No sooner was it announced than the Berlin Wall celebrated its 25th anniversary, a Reagan natural and potentially the flip side of the Statue of Liberty. As it was, the White House had nothing at all to say about the Wall, with the anniversary getting at best perfunctory play. Another sign, perhaps, of the subsiding of the Patriotic Revival.

6	**OUT TO LAUNCH**	—	1

There'll be a Challenger replacement, though all the commercial payloads are being directed elsewhere. This apparently means that the sputtering debate over whether manned spacecraft justify their enormous expense has again been postponed. Those who will be taking the West's commercial satellites into orbit will, like Arianespace, be using unmanned craft.

7	**THE RICH ARE DIFFERENT**	—	1

They have less taste than you and me, if one is to judge by the reaction to the recent Imelda Marcos auction in New York. This sort of Marie Antoinette item is amusing enough, but the sad truth is that the Marcos' kitsch continues to play better than do events in the Philippines.

8	**READING THE BOTTOM LINE**	—	1

A recent Department of Education-Census Bureau study has found that 13 percent of the population is illiterate, and Jonathan Kozol is claiming that 45 percent of the public isn't reading newspapers, most of them because they can't. The Newspaper Ad Bureau responds that most people "have seen a newspaper within the last seven days," and that anyway, they can figure out the supermarket ads and where the movies are playing. Very heartening.

9	**COMFORT AND JOY**	—	1

Remember last year's best seller *House*? The warm reception now being given to Witold Rybczynski's *Home*, a history of domesticity in the West, may be indicative of yet more backlash against current design standards. Rybczynski's work adds to the loud chorus of unhappiness with postwar furniture, housing, and cities.

10	**THE KING OF HEARTS IS DEAD**	—	1

Among those hardest hit by the VCR explosion are movie theaters, whose stock in trade—classics and recent hits—are available in cassettes. The upside is that in searching for a role in the market, more repertory houses are playing the independently produced art and documentary titles that previously had few if any outlets.

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wondered, Is there anything she's not alarmed about? Now the August 12 *Times* brings the surprising answer, in an article headlined "Benign View of Black Bears." The author is Brody, of all people. She writes that although "in the popular mind bears are dangerous, even ferocious animals . . . nothing could be further from the truth." They "use their fierce-looking fangs primarily to rip open logs for a meal of insects," and their "occasional aggressive-looking stance on hind legs is simply a way to get a better view. . . ." It's great to have something not to worry about.

□ SPACEY:

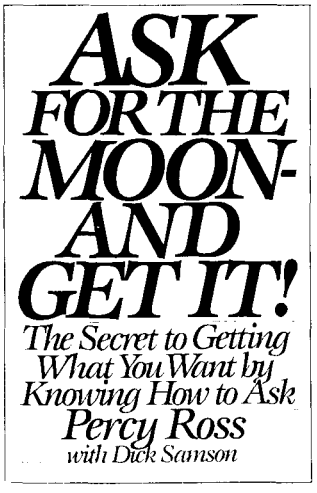
HOUSE, 239 TO 176, DECIDES TO REDUCE 'STAR WARS' MONEY

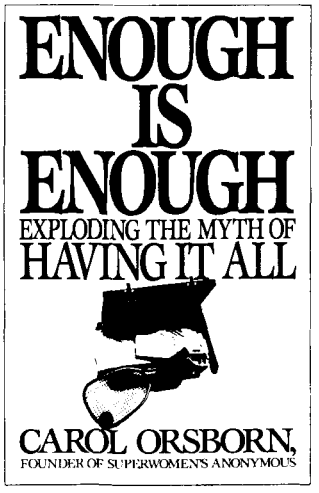
—*New York Times*, August 13

House Votes 3.5% More in '87 For 'Star Wars'

—*Wall Street Journal*, same day

□ TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT (two forthcoming books from the fall catalog of G. P. Putnam's Sons):





(Thanks to Rhoda Koenig, New York City)

□ CROP REPORT: While President Reagan campaigns through the farm belt, promising simultaneously to bring farmers into the free market and to protect them from it, the cost of his supposedly reformed farm subsidy program, enacted last year, is headed toward $35 billion for fiscal 1986. That's merely double the estimates of nine months ago, two-thirds of what the program was supposed to cost over five years, and eight times the average annual cost during the Carter administration. The question of why consumers and taxpayers should be subsidizing farmers at all is put into sharper focus by a little-noticed Government Accounting Office report issued in July. A GAO survey of farmers' income tax returns disclosed that three-quarters of the farmers had underreported their subsidy payments by an average of 80 percent. Talk about ingrates! (And talk about government efficiency. What could be so hard about making sure that people declare income that they get from the government itself?) A Nebraska farmer was quoted in the *New York Times* on August 17: "One of these days, the non-farm society is going to say 'Hey, wait a minute.'" Right. How about now?

□ COKE COUNTRY BLUES: It's not often that a Latin American country volunteers to do whatever the United States wants. But that's just about what Bolivia has done. Since his election last year, President Victor Paz Estenssoro has been more Reaganite than Reagan, balancing the government budget and cutting inflation from 25,000 percent to 20 percent. Paz Estenssoro also let the American military lead an assault on Bolivia's cocaine industry, the second largest in South America. But as a result of the raids, the price of coca leaves, once as high as eight dollars a pound, has fallen to 20 cents. This has caused great economic pain for Bolivians. As the flow of illegal coca dollars has begun to dry up, there has been a run on the Bolivian Central Bank. Thousands of small coca farmers are wondering what to do now that their lucrative way of life is in jeopardy. Bolivia has asked the United States for $100 million to tide it over the foreign exchange crunch, and for further U.S. help in wiping out the coca crop and replacing it with something else. For the United States, $100 million is very little. For Bolivia, it's half the cash it gets from legal exports each year. If the eradication program doesn't continue, the *narcotraficantes* are sure to return. So far the Reagan administration has only responded with encouraging words, though the Bolivians say they're confident cash will follow. We shouldn't let them down.

□ DISCORD:

Israel, Egypt move toward accord

Agreement on Taba could pave way for warmer relations

—*Christian Science Monitor*, August 12

Israelis Say the Taba Border Issue With Egypt Is Far From Accord

—*New York Times*, same day

(Thanks to Raphael Danziger, New York City)

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

NO TAILS

PRESIDENT REAGAN echoes the current conventional wisdom on the matter of coattails, namely that he scarcely has any at all. No, he sighs, he can't help a candidate much by campaigning for him. "If there's a dissatisfaction with some candidate, I don't think that someone else's coattails can do that individual any good,"

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Reagan said at his press conference in Chicago on August 12.

Does Reagan really believe that? Not according to his schedule this fall. He's taken on the supreme coattails test, trying almost single-handedly to keep the Senate under Republican control (53 to 47 now), one man against an entire party. The plan is for him to campaign a day a week in September, two days a week in October, then almost full-time in the week or so just before election day, November 4. "I don't think any president has ever done anything close to this," says Haley Barbour, the deputy White House political director. "He knows he needs a Republican Senate to keep his agenda on the table," adds a Reagan aide. "He doesn't want to be relegated to being a goaltender."

BARBOUR EXAGGERATES. Presidents have done plenty in the past, and the record is pretty dismal. Reagan himself stumped furiously in 1982, and the White House worked out a sophisticated system of "bonus points" to determine how much the administration should help each needy Republican candidate, mostly House members. Edward J. Rollins, a White House political adviser at the time, says Reagan probably brought about the election of Senator Chic Hecht of Nevada and saved one or two House members. That's it. The bonus points? "A bunch of bull," he says. The White House concentrated especially on North Carolina in 1982. The result: the most embarrassing Republican setbacks of any state. "I'm not a great believer in coattails," a chastened Rollins now says.

Richard Nixon didn't do any better in 1970, when he campaigned to shift the Senate (58 to 42 Democratic at the time) to the GOP. He made a famous speech in which he told college protesters to "hit the books or hit the road." A crude film of the speech was shown on national TV. Republicans won only two Senate seats. In 1974 President Gerald Ford was bent on protecting the party from disastrous Watergate-fed losses. He likened himself to President Harry Truman in 1948, defying the odds. The Republican Party lost 48 seats in the House and five in the Senate on Ford's watch.

Hope springs eternal at the White House, or at least the willingness to roll the dice does. The president's handlers possess the hottest political property in the country. Why not use him? It can't hurt (though it did in North Carolina four years ago, when Reagan's appearances during a recession only made matters worse). Besides, Reagan loves campaigning. "He enjoys being on the road," says Mitch Daniels, the White House political director. "He enjoys the reaction he gets, which is pretty terrific." And if Republicans hold the Senate, which the White House crowd thinks is a 50-50 proposition, "It'll be so close that anybody can claim credit," says Rollins, with Reagan first in line.

There's one thing different about 1986. The rule of thumb is that the sixth year of a presidency is a dreadful one for the party. By then the president is a political drag, as Franklin Roosevelt proved in 1938, and as LBJ did in 1966, after six years of a Democratic presidency. That Reagan isn't, or doesn't appear to be now, "is the most important thing of all," says Rollins. Better yet, "The close races are where he's the most popular of all, the South and West," says Lee Atwater, a former White House official now running George Bush's presidential campaign.

Not long ago, Daniels pulled together fresh polling results on the president's standing in every state. "A lot of the states with close races are ones where the president isn't just popular," says Daniels. "He's wildly popular." In Nevada, Florida, North Carolina, Alabama, and Oklahoma, Reagan's approval rating is well above 70 percent. Each has a vulnerable Republican Senate seat. In Idaho, where Senator Steve Symms in is trouble, Reagan's rating is 67 percent. In Louisiana, where Republicans would like to pick up the seat of retiring Senator Russell Long, he scores a 66. And so on.

Reagan has already visited all these states since 1984. A year ago, Daniels and Barbour worked up a list of 17 states in which the Senate race was likely to be close. Reagan has campaigned in 15 of them already, and he'll knock off the other two, California and Colorado, in early September. He'll be off for a swing through Southern states in mid-September, hitting some states for the third time. "I doubt we'll get anywhere more than three times," says Daniels. "But maybe we will."

THE THEORY BEHIND the travel is not that the president can add, say, a guaranteed two to four percentage points to a candidate's share of the vote, but that he can help in small ways. For one thing, Reagan is a great fundraiser. The GOP events that he's attended in the last 15 months have pulled in $13 million. White House officials boast that in 1985 Reagan was able to raise $1 million for Paula Hawkins, the embattled Florida senator, at a mid-afternoon event on Memorial Day. Reagan is also terrific at generating party unity, Daniels says, which is important in states such as North Carolina, South Dakota, and California after bruising primaries. And he can arouse Republicans and jack up turnout, Daniels argues. In 1974, "We got our tails kicked not because people changed their allegiance overnight, but because they got embarrassed [over Watergate] and stayed home," he says.

According to the White House, when added together, all these amount to something. A presidential visit gives the Republican candidate in some states, small ones mainly, a quick but artificial boost. "If he goes to New York, it doesn't make any difference," says Rollins. "He goes in and nobody cares. But in a small state, he dominates the media for three or four days beforehand and three or four after his visit. It throws the opponent off the offensive." Trouble is, the effect fades quickly.

According to Daniels, this makes the president's effort in the final week critical. That's "when you don't have as much time for the shelf life to wear off." In a close

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race, Reagan doesn't have to draw too many votes to his candidate. "You can change one vote in 20, in 30, in 50, and tip a marginal state," says Daniels. Idaho and Nevada are two of the ten states deemed marginal by Republican strategists. Winning only five of these states will bring Republicans to 50 seats, enough to ensure control.

The tactic of the late visit sounds easy. It also sounds too good to be true, which it is. The same people who put together the president's campaign itinerary and talk about the prospect of Reagan saving the Senate for Republicans aren't promising anything. "I'm not making any grandiose claims," insists Daniels. Neither is Reagan. This time, the conventional wisdom may be right.

FRED BARNES

Bechtel won't touch Israel.

THE BOYCOTT MEMO

BECHTEL IS ONE of the world's largest engineering and construction firms. A curious memorandum on the company's stationery lists ten nations that "will be excluded from any current business development activity" for reasons of "political sensitivity and unstable conditions." The countries are, in order of appearance, the Soviet Union, Mongolia, North Korea, North Vietnam, Cuba, Israel, Lebanon, Iran, Iraq, and Afghanistan. Which of these things, as they say, just doesn't belong?

If you said Israel, go to the head of the class. Under the Export Agreement Act of 1977, it's illegal for companies to comply with foreign boycotts of U.S. allies. That won't come as news to Bechtel, which was sued by the Justice Department once before for enforcing the Arab boycott of Israel in the United States. In the consent decree that settled the suit, the firm, which has billions of dollars invested in the Arab world, pledged that it would no longer cooperate with the boycott.

The internal memorandum, which has fallen into the hands of THE NEW REPUBLIC, is dated April 18, 1983, and signed by Harry Reinsch, the president of Bechtel Power. Reinsch refused to comment, so I called Bechtel's public relations office to find out why Israel was on the list. A spokesman named Thomas Flynn confirmed that the document was authentic. He said that Israel was included because of instability, not political sensitivity. "I've just been reading issues of *Time* and *Newsweek* from the period," Flynn said. "Relations between Israel and the U.S. were icy at best." As examples of instability, Flynn cited "violent street demonstrations" in Israel following Begin's refusal to remove Ariel Sharon as defense minister, and "U.S. Marines going barrel to barrel with Israeli forces." Flynn says the exclusion was "momentary" and that it has been lifted.

But in written responses to my further questions, Flynn could not provide the date on which the ban on Bechtel activity in Israel was ended. Nor was he able to cite any documentary evidence of a subsequent green light for development activity in Israel.

Employees of Bechtel to whom the memo was directed each explain it differently. John Morowski, who worked as a staff assistant to Reinsch in 1983, said in a telephone interview: "The Lebanon war had nothing to do with it at all." Morowski, who is now retired from Bechtel, said that the company had recently been approached about a nuclear power project in Israel. "At that time we decided it was something we didn't want to consider undertaking. We never worked in Israel before to my knowledge, so we decided that particular invitation was not something we wanted to consider." Pressed on what "instability" meant, Morowski said that "political instability is an umbrella that covers many reasons why you may not want to do business there."

Another recipient of the memorandum, Jerome M. Komes, who is now the president of a Bechtel subsidiary in Houston, said Israel was excluded because it wasn't interested in the kinds of thermal power plants that Bechtel designs and builds. "It would have been like selling ice cubes to Eskimos," he said. Reviewing the list of excluded countries, Komes had ready explanations for each of the others. Iran and Iraq, he said, were included because of their ongoing war, Lebanon because of its turbulence, Afghanistan because it was under Soviet siege, and so on. Israel was on the list "because there was no business there worth pursuing." The three other Bechtel officials whose names appear on the memorandum all refused to comment.

Bechtel deserves points for effort, but none of its explanations makes any sense. The memo does not name countries that don't have business for Bechtel; such a list would start with Andorra and Belize, but it wouldn't include Israel. Pakistan and South Korea, where Bechtel has enormous projects, were far less stable than Israel, even during the Lebanese entanglement. Moreover, Syria—which had troops in Lebanon in 1983—does not appear on the list. But "instability" must be Bechtel's explanation, since "political sensitivity" in this context would amount to a euphemism for the Arab boycott.

THIS BEGINS to have a familiar ring. In January 1976 the Justice Department filed suit under the Sherman Anti-trust Act alleging that Bechtel was cooperating with and enforcing requirements of the Arab boycott. This meant signing contracts with Arab companies like this one from 1974:

> Bechtel International Incorporated declares that it does not possess any plant, firm, or branch in Israel, that it does not participate in any firm or company established in Israel and that it does not have any agreement for manufacturing, assembling, license or technical assistance with any firm, company or person established or resident in Israel. [Bechtel] undertakes not to

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have any such activity with Israel and not to contribute in any way to consolidate or serve the economy or military efforts in Israel.

The Justice Department also charged that Bechtel complied with and forced its subcontractors to comply with the Arab League blacklist of "Zionist" persons and entities published by the Central Boycott Office in Damascus, Syria.

IN 1977 BECHTEL agreed not to blacklist Israeli, Zionist, or Jewish companies in the future. George Shultz was president of the company and Caspar Weinberger was head of the legal department at the time. Soon afterward, however, Bechtel filed suit asking to be released from the terms of the consent agreement, since the Export Administration Act of 1977, a wide-ranging anti-boycott law, had been passed in the meantime. Section 4A of the act prohibits U.S. companies from "refusing, or requiring any other person to refuse, to do business with or in the boycotted country, . . . pursuant to an agreement with, a requirement of, or a request from or on behalf of the boycotting country."

"Pursuant to . . ." is the key phrase. U.S. companies are allowed to make business decisions not to invest in any part of the world. What they can't do is boycott a U.S. ally when a third party asks or demands that they do so. But in the real world an explicit request is hardly necessary. No Saudi or Kuwaiti minister needs to remind Bechtel officials that the rules of the boycott require that they not transact business with Israel. Every Bechtel officer who has done business in the Arab world is aware of the Arab boycott. Making the demand in writing would only compromise Bechtel, since the company is required by law to disclose all such requests. But a case against Bechtel under the Export Agreement Act might well hinge on whether a request or agreement ever occurred.

Asked for a list of Bechtel's dealings in Israel or with Israeli firms, Flynn cited several examples of discussions with Israelis, but only one example of an actual business transaction: the purchase of desalination equipment of Israeli manufacture for use in a project in California. The deal, Flynn said, took place "in the past few months." Although such a purchase violates the regulations of the Arab boycott, it's not the type of transaction Arab governments have tried to punish in the past.

It's vaguely amusing to watch Bechtel straining to prove that it would do business in Israel, should the right opportunity come along. Bechtel has never done business in Israel. Dan Halperin, who served as Israel's chief boycott monitor and who is now economic minister in the Israeli Embassy in Washington, put it this way: "No Israeli firm ever got a warm response from Bechtel on anything." Halperin added that Israeli firms that have approached Bechtel about construction projects feel that "the stated reasons for refusal were not the real reasons." I know what they mean.

JACOB WEISBERG

The curious case of Colonel Staben.

SALVADOR JUSTICE

THE NEWS out of El Salvador last April was encouraging to the Reagan administration and its supporters in Congress. The United States has invested vast hopes—and $900 million—in the government of President José Napoleón Duarte, claiming that it is restoring democracy to war-torn El Salvador. In early April that government began rounding up a crew of well-known and high-ranking military officers who were posing as left-wing guerrillas and kidnapping rich businessmen. This case seemed a perfect opportunity for Duarte to demonstrate control over the military without hurting the fight against the country's tenacious left-wing insurgency. The victims of the kidnapping ring were not Marxist-Leninist guerrillas or humble peasants, but some of the wealthiest entrepreneurs in the country. And the accused had been caught virtually red-handed.

But the case has revealed only the unpleasant reality about El Salvador today. The explanation is not simply that the justice system is impotent. Many Salvadoran officials did their job remarkably well. Top military officers demonstrated that they were serious about the case. It is President Duarte and the U.S. Embassy who seem to have thrown away the chance to uphold the rule of law in El Salvador.

Kidnappings have long plagued the Salvadoran business community. Late last year an informal committee of business and government representatives was formed to do something about them. The head of the committee was Colonel Reynaldo Lopez Nuila, vice minister of public security and one of the three most powerful military officers in El Salvador. By the end of March, the investigating team under Lopez Nuila's supervision began detaining suspects and raiding houses in San Salvador, where they found clandestine basement cells for hiding kidnap victims.

On April 2 the owner of one of those houses, Isidro Lopez Sibrian, turned himself in. Lopez Sibrian was a key participant in the 1981 assassinations of a Salvadoran land reform leader and two American AFL-CIO advisers at the Sheraton Hotel in San Salvador. Despite substantial evidence that he ordered the killings and supplied a submachine gun, Lopez Sibrian was never brought to trial. The fact that he turned himself in was a sign of how seriously the kidnapping case was being taken in right-wing and military circles.

On April 3 the military ordered Lieutenant Colonel Roberto Mauricio Staben and two other high-ranking officers to appear for questioning. On April 5 Lopez Sibrian confessed. In a 16-page statement never before made public, Lopez Sibrian described in detail how he and a loose-knit group of current and former security officers kidnapped five wealthy Salvadorans between March 1982 and February 1986 and collected more than $1.25 million in ransom money. Low-level National Police detectives drove the cars and carried out the abductions. Middle-level operatives such as Lopez Sibrian conducted "follow-up and

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surveillance." Colonel Staben was the "intellectual chief" who, along with other ranking officers, selected the victims and divided up the booty.

While President Duarte and the armed forces publicly pledged to pursue the case no matter where it led, the investigation began running into difficulties. One of the first suspects to talk to the investigators was found dead in his jail cell. Officially, his death was called a suicide; many suspected murder. Three other officers implicated in the killings fled the country and are still at large. And, most importantly, Colonel Staben refused to appear for questioning. By far the most important suspect, Staben remained in El Salvador going about his business.

Staben is a notorious and well-connected character. He had been temporarily detained in 1980 with Roberto d'Aubuisson and other right-wing officers for plotting a coup. In 1982 an associate of Staben's was arrested and later thrown out of the country for running a kidnap-for-profit ring similar to the current one. Staben also was involved in death squads. As Christopher Dickey wrote in THE NEW REPUBLIC ("Behind the Death Squads," December 26, 1983), Staben was the top officer in the military unit "responsible for patrolling—if not contributing to—the famous death squad dumping ground at El Playon." He has since been promoted to battalion commander and become a favorite of U.S. military advisers and of the Central Intelligence Agency. In fact, as soon as Staben realized he was in trouble over the kidnapping ring, he contacted the U.S. Embassy and asked to speak to the military advisers. They were under orders not to take his calls.

BEHIND THE scenes, a power struggle had erupted in the Salvadoran military. On one side were Colonel Lopez Nuila and a few other senior officers. These officers calculated that prosecuting the kidnappers would bolster the government's shaky political standing at home and reassure its supporters in Washington. Moreover, Duarte and the U.S. Embassy seemed strongly committed to this strategy. Duarte had approved the kidnapping probe from the start, and the United States had trained the forensic specialists on the investigating team.

On the other side were Staben and a group of younger officers who had been in his class, or *tanda*, at military school. This class is known collectively as the Tandona, slang for "big *tanda*." The leaders of the Tandona spread the word that they didn't think Staben should be prosecuted. They reportedly dispatched Colonel Mauricio de Jesús (Chato) Vargas to tell the attorney general of El Salvador that there wasn't enough evidence to prosecute Staben. Vargas is a favorite of the U.S. Embassy. The ambassador awarded him a medal last January, and he has served as an instructor at Fort Benning. The officers in the Tandona knew that if Chato Vargas was known to be saying that the evidence against Staben didn't stack up, people would assume that the U.S. Embassy believed the same thing.

Staben finally showed up at the end of April—but at a military base in San Salvador, not at National Police headquarters as ordered. State Department officials downplay his tardiness and note that once he appeared, he was placed under heavy guard. The implication is that Staben's guards were preventing him from escaping or from harm. In fact, the guards seem to have been protecting him from those who sought to question him. Informed sources cannot name a single U.S.-trained investigator or high-ranking officer leading the investigation who was ever allowed to speak to Staben. Staben apparently never even had to give a statement.

On May 7 the standoff ended. President Duarte suddenly announced that he was reinstating Staben to his command, declaring, "There is no evidence to detain him." Of course, this was not accurate: the firsthand testimony of Lopez Sibrian and at least two other suspects implicated Staben. Duarte said that Colonel Staben had been "mentioned" by at least one witness. In fact, three witnesses had identified Staben as a leader in the kidnapping ring.

Duarte's move seemed to catch the military by surprise. The same day, Army Chief of Staff Adolfo Blandon publicly defended the good names of two officers falsely mentioned as suspects in one press report—but pointedly said nothing about Staben. Two days later Defense Minister Eugenio Vides Casanova went on Salvadoran TV to say that the military had not yet decided whether to reinstate Staben. The high command of the military, in short, was less eager than Duarte to retreat from the effort to discipline Staben.

The U.S. Embassy said nothing about Staben, even though it had access to the evidence against him. One source says Lopez Sibrian flunked a polygraph test on the question of Staben's involvement, so he shouldn't be believed. But other sources close to the investigation dispute this and say that, in any event, Lopez Sibrian's implication of Staben was corroborated in detail by other suspects. Moreover, this same testimony was sufficient for the military to demote one of the high-ranking officers who had fled the country.

The most publicized comment from the U.S. Embassy came on May 21, when it was revealed that two more suspected underlings in the case had been mysteriously killed while under detention. The embassy released a statement expressing regret and noting that the slain men "may have had valuable information that could have shed more light on the case." But the investigators and the military officers backing them already had plenty of valuable information. What they needed most was public support from Duarte and the U.S. Embassy in their showdown with the Tandona. In other cases, the embassy has vouched for the credibility of witnesses in order to bolster Salvadoran criminal investigations. Had Duarte and the U.S. Embassy stated publicly in late April or early May that they supported the investigators' efforts to interview all suspects, including Staben, the case might have turned out quite differently.

THREE months have passed, and the State Department still insists that the kidnapping investigation is moving full speed ahead. But Duarte is not eager to disturb his standing with the powerful officers in the Tandona, no matter how much it might help him with the Salvadoran

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business class. In the United States, congressional Democrats and Republicans alike show little interest in any facts that cast doubt on Duarte's image as a plucky reformer. And most of the American press dropped the story when it became clear that business-as-usual would prevail.

But in El Salvador, the case will not fade away so quickly. Leonel Gomez, a respected Salvadoran political exile who lives in Washington, says, "Salvadorans know that it was Salvadorans who broke the kidnapping ring and they know at least a few military officers tried for the first time to bring an officer to justice. They will not forget who let them down." Meanwhile, Colonel Staben is a free and wealthy man. By most reports he remains on friendly terms with U.S. military advisers in El Salvador. In the next few years, he and his fellow officers in the Tandona will inherit the command of the Salvadoran armed forces.

JEFFERSON MORLEY

The university at 350.

HARVARD GROWS UP

BY CHARLES S. MAIER

HARVARD HAS set aside September 3 to 7 to celebrate its 350th anniversary. Along with the scarlet-robed convocation and a schedule of over 100 symposia that range from analysis of a Beethoven string quartet to reminiscences of the Marshall Plan, and a self-help session, the commemoration will include riverbank dancing and a stadium "spectacular" inspired by the Los Angeles Olympics display. President Derek Bok and the planners of the commemoration wanted an informal, festive tone, with less solemnity than at the 300th anniversary in 1936.

Fifty years later, Harvard has to share academic preeminence in America to a far greater degree. Berkeley, Stanford, and Texas have lavish resources. Princeton, Yale, Chicago, MIT, and other universities can claim equally innovative scholarship in many departments. Still, in the past half century Harvard has shared in the ascent of the United States in wealth and power. "The college in Cambridge" has become what one of my colleagues fittingly calls an imperial university. One-fifth of its $650 million annual budget comes from government contracts. The British Foreign Office has a regular yearly posting to its Center for International Affairs. Its libraries have accumulated more than ten million volumes. It employs a major bureaucracy to run its internal financial affairs and a separate firm to manage its $2.8 billion endowment.

Harvard functions, moreover, without responsibility to any legislature, although it occasionally has to pacify the local city councillors. It runs by humoring alumni, judiciously co-opting officers and faculties, and bringing together some of the best students available to educate each other. At 350 years of age Harvard works. But how?

Festival speakers will doubtless invoke the long Crimson line of misty Protestant ancestors, from obsessively scribbling Puritan divines preoccupied with justification to their chirpy transcendental descendants 150 years later. Others will recall the 19th-century trajectory of the Adamses, always reading, continuously writing, invidiously comparing, from power to fretful estrangement. Perhaps most frequently celebrants will cite the buoyant 20th-century succession of Roosevelts and Kennedys.

Harvard has a considerable capacity for self-celebration. University chroniclers manage to narrate two centuries of picturesque student shenanigans (to set against the serious troubles of the 1960s) or to commemorate fabled teachers, such as the Mr. Chips-like "Copey." They do not recall how before American entry into World War I, Charles Copeland, who lived his adult life in an undergraduate dormitory and never traveled in Europe, unremittingly goaded his comely, impressionable students into volunteering for often lethal service in rickety biplanes and ambulances in France.

Instead of such unshadowed memories, herewith a fragmentary assessment by someone who is not quite a real insider (can any first-generation Harvard graduate be a real insider?), but who certainly owes much to the institution, who was an undergraduate and graduate student, married a fellow graduate, returned to one of its faculties, and has a child entering senior year at its college. Perhaps one can most appropriately ask: What does Harvard do for its students, and what does it do for its country? What does it do well, and where does it face difficulties?

Students fare differentially. It remains an apparently unshakable myth that professors at Harvard do not teach undergraduates. On the contrary, teaching duties have continued to grow, and many of the best faculty members take on more than they would need to, including personal and small group instruction. But it is true that the Harvard undergraduate has to pursue faculty contacts. The motivated thrive, those less kindled can

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too often fall into a discouraging anomie. Harvard provides less hothouse nurture than elsewhere. (Intensity is left in different ways to Yale and Amherst.) It does furnish the institutions for students to learn from each other. Like arriving young in a great city, the Harvard experience can craft autonomy, encourage high ambition, or overwhelm.

Until recently, and perhaps still, Harvard served women less well than men. It was fitting that the recent *New York Times Magazine* cover depicting famous graduates, though drawn by a woman, included no female. The virtual swallowing of Radcliffe College (now little more than an umbrella over an institute for postgraduate women fellows) allowed the strongest women formal equality but may have submerged others. Still, the anguished debates of 15 years ago over admission ratios—i.e., whether smart women would take the places of well-rounded men—now seem a relic of another era.

AT 350, THE college's most trumpeted educational innovation is the "core curriculum," which has stimulated re-evaluations of undergraduate programs at other institutions, especially after the disintegration of "Western Civilization" (though it survived at Columbia and Chicago) and other required broad courses in the late 1960s and 1970s. The "core" emerged from faculty discussions of basic principles and negotiations worthy of Vatican II.

Sometimes overlooked in the enthusiasm, the core has changed the definition of what is considered general education. The former animating conviction was that intellectual and moral formation required exposure to a linear heritage of key texts, above all but not exclusively of Western origin. Very few graduates a quarter century ago could leave Harvard without some Plato and Homer, Augustine, Machiavelli, and Dostoyevsky, Burke and Marx. The core focuses less on any such canon than on how key practitioners of academic learning ask their questions.

Sometimes it means smuggling in introductions to academic disciplines as supposedly fundamental approaches to knowledge. In part this reflects what has become a cultural fact of the late 20th century. Learning is increasingly the product of the academy and its disciplines, less of any free-floating intelligentsia. In part, too, the compromise with specialization was the price of what former Dean Henry Rosovsky, the principal architect of the reform, considers the core's underlying achievement. That is, it has regenerated enthusiasm among excellent faculty for teaching undergraduate non-specialists.

Harvard can no longer be pre-eminent in every field of scholarship, and no field can remain in good shape for long unless constantly renewed. Harvard departments move by fits and starts. Like all corporate enterprises, they enjoy moments of glory, then rest on their laurels. "Great men" sometimes despair of finding younger replacements worthy of their mantle, and discourage new approaches. Some departments, such as sociology, have been paralyzed by conflicts among practitioners of different methodologies. When departments finally do make an offer, the candidates often decline. Harvard often has heavier teaching loads, and increasingly the two-career family impedes mobility. Still, within a few years departments can turn around, acquire formative intellects, become infused by less tired teachers (often women), and surge again to eminence. It has been an achievement of President Bok and of Dean Rosovsky (and seems to be what the new dean, Michael Spence, is learning) to have pressed for that renewal. But it remains a harder task than merely harvesting eminent scholars.

Indeed, methodological innovation per se has not always been the forte of Harvard scholarship. Advanced "lit-crit" methods arrived from Paris via Yale, then were gradually, some might say grudgingly, accepted in Cambridge. The landmarks of recent anthropological theory derive from Paris, Britain, then Princeton. Dissenting views and non-neoeconomic theory did coalesce briefly at Harvard, but then dispersed. New approaches to history had to prove their merits elsewhere. The natural sciences, currently strong, have been fitful constellations of talent over a generation.

What counts for the scholarly enterprise is the work in laboratories, graduate seminars, and such interdisciplinary foyers as the Economic History Workshop or the Center for East Asian Research or European Studies, Literary Studies, or Science and International Affairs. Here younger researchers help shape the next decades of inquiry and have their ideas critically scrutinized. A couple of centers are beset by problems of recruitment, direction, or sense of purpose, and remain problem children for the administration. Overall, though, the infrastructure is generating some important and interesting work.

THE MODERN research university as we know it is a century old, in large part a German import. Its structure was clearly visible by Harvard's last big celebration 50 years ago. The dramatic development since then has been the university's involvement with government, foundations, and the high-tech market. When genetic engineering and artificial intelligence promise personal fortunes, when government agencies will sponsor all sorts of social science investigation, when foundations decide in a given year, say, that technical arms control issues must be understood in historical context, research agendas can be easily distorted. Conflicts of interest can also become as acute as in business and politics. A university that likes to preserve collegial relations finds defining abuses difficult, and dealing with lapses even harder. These dilemmas will probably increase.

What does Harvard do for America besides add to its intellectual inventory? An arrogant question that few other universities would ask, but that remains justified, and sometimes troubling. Despite the public impression of a left-leaning university—sometimes, it would seem from the media, only a soapbox for John Kenneth Galbraith—by and large the Harvard voice has always been as weighty on the conservative as on the liberal side. Liberal professors may speak out as political protesters against Latin American intervention or lobby hard on behalf of arms control. A

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Harvard-trained politician such as Barney Frank is a liberal gadfly in the best tradition. On the other side, Martin Feldstein, Reagan's former chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, and Charles Fried, the current solicitor general, have imparted to public affairs a reflective academic conservatism.

The theoretical scholarship that emerges from Cambridge often buttresses doctrines that demonstrate the difficulties of reform and renovation, whether because of our genes or the refractoriness of society. Spokesmen *from* Harvard (they deny speaking *for* Harvard, but the distinction is less noted elsewhere) are reluctant to associate the university as such with an activist cause unless it is seen as directly affecting the climate for teaching and learning. Derek Bok is an advocate of U.S. political sanctions against South Africa, but an opponent of university disinvestment. Congress will probably move faster on the issue than Harvard. The University will not shake the Republic.

At 350 the prevailing attitude among students and faculty seems to be one of cautious incrementalism and earnest moralism: a whiggish equipoise. This is certainly Derek Bok's posture, and it probably reflects the preferences of a faculty still remembering the bitter polarization of the 1960s—a difficult period, to be sure, but nonetheless one of the few in which ideas have been taken so seriously, sought so desperately, albeit sometimes derided so intolerantly.

Whiggish equipoise often means contradictory responses. The chairman of the Board of Overseers (Harvard's general board of elected directors) formally sought to discourage alumni voters from electing a three-member anti-apartheid slate in the recent annual elections lest they polarize that governing body along "single-issue" lines. (Happily, many outraged alumni wrote to protest, many more alumni than usual voted, and one of the dissident candidates was elected.) On the other hand, the university showed savvy enough not to tear down its anti-apartheid shantytown. Statements by the president and dean and an accumulating body of case law show that discipline will be invoked to defend speech and assembly, but that protest can be tolerated if it does not interrupt teaching and discussion.

The new ideas will now often come from New York or California or Paris, but the college in Cambridge will accredit them, still have the chance to temper them with approved old ones, expose some of the most motivated and smartest young people in the country to the leaven. It will doubtless court complacency; too often its established faculty will underrate the intellectual activity carried on in the many excellent American university departments outside Cambridge, and will dismiss much of this ferment as mere trendiness. But despite some lapses, Harvard's students, professors, and alumni will still occasionally worry about what is beautiful and true and good, and not merely what is profitable, fashionable, or likely to find favor in Washington. In an America blitzed by the media, perhaps more willing now to tread hard on civil liberties, pessimistic about social reform, sometimes truculent about power, these virtues are important.

The rights and wrongs of guerrilla war.

MORALITY AND THE REAGAN DOCTRINE

BY CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

AS HEIR TO the European colonial powers, the United States is a status quo power. The United States, particularly under FDR, did favor decolonization (much to the displeasure of Britain and France) but took upon itself the task of preserving the Western orientation of the new states (e.g., in the Persian Gulf, Vietnam) and of weak, dependent old states (Greece, Turkey) against the threats and ambitions of the new have-not power, the Soviet Union.

Next March marks the 40th anniversary of the formal declaration of this American role: "It must be the policy of the United States to support free peoples who are resisting attempted subjugation by armed minorities or by outside pressures." The Truman Doctrine set the United States on the side of legitimate governments against insurgencies. Starting with Greece, and extending later to the postcolonial successor governments of the Third World, the United States has resisted guerrilla insurgencies, occasionally with men, often with matériel, always with rhetoric. "The world is not static, and the status quo is not sacred," said Truman in his Joint Address to Congress, "But we cannot allow changes in the status quo in violation of the Charter of the United Nations by such methods as coercion, or by such subterfuges as political infiltration."

Forty years later, the Soviet Union is a full-fledged superpower with an impressive array of colonies. Although not yet a status quo power, it has much to defend. Today in several crucial regions, the United States and the Soviet Union find themselves in historically reversed roles. Soviets and their clients act as the status quo power, learn-

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ing everything from counterinsurgency to the proper uses of international law and the World Court. And the United States finds itself supporting guerrilla insurgencies in four corners of the earth, Afghanistan, Angola, Cambodia, and Nicaragua. The American policy that declares the legitimacy of American support for these wars is known as the Reagan Doctrine.

The Reagan Doctrine is not a one-man or one-party show. Support for each of these guerrilla armies has been approved by Congress. True, there is no great popular support for these enterprises. But then there never is for intervention (except following a direct attack on the United States), and only rarely for any foreign policy initiative in the absence of a crisis. Public opinion polls taken after the declaration of the Truman Doctrine showed a majority favoring economic aid, but 60 percent opposed military aid, either in the form of supplies or of military advisers. By a 2-to-1 margin, Americans thought that military aid to Greece would increase the likelihood of war with Russia, and that the problem should be turned over to the U.N., yesterday's Contadora. Indeed, were there a referendum today on, say, keeping American troops in Korea, or on spending $150 billion a year to defend our European allies and Japan, popular support would hardly be greater than it is for the Reagan Doctrine.

In any case, the Reagan Doctrine of active, military support for guerrilla war is current American policy, initiated by the president and supported by Congress. It has an obvious strategic logic as a post-Vietnam (i.e., only indirectly interventionist) strategy for challenging the most recent and most vulnerable acquisitions of the Soviet empire. (See "The Poverty of Realism," TNR, February 17, 1986. For recent dissents from this view, see "The Reagan Doctrine: The Guns of July" by Stephen Rosenfeld, *Foreign Affairs*, Spring 1986, and "When to Intervene" by Stephen Solarz, *Foreign Policy*, Summer 1986.) But for a democracy, and particularly one founded on a political idea, strategy cannot be enough. Any foreign policy must meet a second test. That test is ideological—moral, if you will. The Reagan Doctrine may be strategically compelling. But is it wrong?

THE OBJECTIONS fall into three categories. The first objection is to intervention generally, on the grounds that whatever fine values (e.g., freedom) we think motivate our interventions, what we are really engaged in is the pursuit of American power and interests.

The second objection concerns only a specific form of intervention: intervention on the side of insurgency. Trying to overthrow governments is both illegal and immoral. Indeed, our engagement in this enterprise represents the Sovietization of American strategy. The inviolability of sovereignty is one of the oldest international principles. Its violation is Soviet practice, declared by Khrushchev at the World Communist Party Congress of 1960 as the doctrine of "national liberation" and practiced by every Soviet leader before and since. Now, after 40 years of cold war, we have finally succumbed to the tactics of our enemies. And, by sinking to their moral level, we have forfeited a large part of the war.

The third objection has to do not with ends but with means, guerrilla means. Guerrilla war is morally problematic because it is, by nature, a form of warfare that deliberately blurs the line between civilian and military. It thus challenges the conventional and consensual standards of ethical combat. If we support guerrilla war, does that not mean that we, like the Soviets, put in with terrorism, torture, and assassination?

I. The Critique of Interventionism

ANTI-INTERVENTIONISM, the polite word for isolationism, is a popular and highly pedigreed American foreign policy. For some, such as George Kennan, anti-interventionism has nothing to do with moral questions. Indeed, they profess to be anti-moralists. They merely believe it is hopelessly imprudent, an example of the triumph of American innocence over American intelligence, for the United States to involve itself in conflicts that have no direct effect on its survival.

But Kennan's bloodless amoralism is unattractive to most Americans. The more powerful strain of American anti-interventionism is moral. And it comes in two versions. One is to say that the United States goes abroad in search not of freedom but of markets. The more modern, less crudely Marxist (or more precisely: Leninist) version goes now by the name of "moral equivalence": whatever we may tell ourselves, the United States intervenes abroad for the same reason any great power does—power.

One must not, and cannot, deny that considerations of power or economic advantage motivate American intervention. Considerations of interest motivate all intervention, current and historical, American and otherwise. And they should. Diplomacy is not philanthropy. Foreign policy is necessarily mostly about interests. But that does not mean that we cannot then distinguish between policies that are moral and those that are not. The fact that one may have strategic interests does not mean that one's intervention does not also have a genuinely moral purpose and does not produce a morally defensible result. True, the American imperium is about power, but power in the service of certain values. These values we hold, domestically, to be not only good but self-evidently good. And as we have gone abroad, we have spread them. In Europe, the line where American armies stopped at the end of World War II marks the limits of free, self-governing societies. Every inch of soil that lies behind American lines is now a liberal democracy. And elsewhere, where liberal democracy has not been achieved, American-made or American-supported frontiers—the DMZ in Korea, the Strait of Formosa, the Thai-Cambodian border—divide better from worse.

To be sure, liberty has not always been the American purpose. Guatemala 1954 exemplifies American banana diplomacy, undertaken under the assumptions that democracy is not a real option in the Third World, and that interest is the only relevant consideration. But history

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is not destiny, and today's America is not Teddy Roosevelt's or Eisenhower's or even that imagined by Ronald Reagan, the candidate. Because of many factors—our experience in Vietnam, the decline of race stereotypes in American consciousness and culture, the recent startling success of democracy in Latin America and elsewhere, and, most importantly, the disastrous consequences of our long-term postwar support for dictators like Batista and Somoza—democracy in the Third World has become, for the right as well as the left, a principal goal of American foreign policy. The last of the unconverted, Jesse Helms, has done his best to make the point. His bitter quarrel with the Reagan administration is precisely over the State Department's advancement of democracy, rather than blind anti-communism, as a guiding foreign policy principle.

Today's anti-imperialist case is an echo of the belief, fashionable at the height of the Vietnam War, that American power was, perhaps despite itself, a force for evil in the world. That echo is heard today only on the extreme left of the Democratic Party, and even there in muted form. Jesse Jackson carries the idea that American foreign policy is necessarily intervening on the wrong side of history. Five years ago that sentiment could emanate from mainstream Democrats, such as Senator Christopher Dodd of Connecticut who, at the time, characterized our choice in El Salvador as either "to move with the tide of history" or "stand against it." Fewer and fewer Democrats say that today.

It is an argument that has suffered much from history, the history that followed American failures in Vietnam and elsewhere, where the successor regimes have proven far more tyrannous, ruthless, and, in some cases, barbaric than the regimes we were supporting. Cuba, Vietnam, Cambodia, Iran, and now Nicaragua. The sweeping anti-interventionist argument, based on moral—i.e., anti-imperial—grounds, is a slogan in search of an applicable history.

II. The Critique of Insurgency

ONE NEED NOT be a pan-isolationist (though it helps) to oppose the Reagan Doctrine and its enthusiasm for insurgency. Indeed, the mainstream position of the Democratic Party approves American intervention in support of counterinsurgency in, for example, El Salvador and the Philippines, and opposes American intervention in support of insurgency in Nicaragua and Angola. It is opposed, then, not to intervention in general, but to a particular kind, the kind that tries to topple legitimate governments. It can live quite comfortably with the Truman Doctrine. But it questions the morality of going around trying to change governments we do not like. On three related grounds: world order, international law, and popular will.

Order. When we speak of order in the international arena, we mean two things. One is peace, the other is rules. The first is concrete: you start a war, you destroy the peace of a region, of a country, of families. The other is abstract. You start a war and, it is said, you injure the structure of international relations, including international law. World order enthusiasts speak of a "web of international relations," the implication of the metaphor being that if is weakened here, it threatens to unravel there.

Consider first, order as peace. There must always be a moral presumption for peace. War means death. You must therefore have a good reason to start one, particularly one in which you seek to overthrow the government of another country. One such good reason is rescue, freeing a subjugated people from particularly oppressive rule. George McGovern proposed American intervention against the Cambodian regime of Pol Pot. Tanzania invaded Uganda in 1979 and ousted Idi Amin. And in 1983, the United States invaded Grenada and rid the island of its Marxist-Leninist rulers, much to the relief of its people.

Reagan Doctrine opponents would say that the degree of malignity of Pol Pot or Amin or Coard might justify unilateral intervention, but that in Reagan Doctrine countries today that is not the case. Rescue can justify invasion. Unfreedom cannot.

BUT TO GRANT that is merely to say that the United States may not unilaterally invade other countries in the name of liberation, that it may not arrogate to itself the decision of whether freedom is a higher value than peace in these countries. But the Reagan Doctrine is not about invasion. It is about helping one side in a civil war. In Reagan Doctrine conflicts, the question of breaching the peace has been pre-empted. There already is civil war. A large number of people in a country have concluded—at the risk of their own lives and the suffering of their countrymen—that freedom is more precious to them than peace. The question then is not whether to give peace a chance but whether to give one side (generally, the weaker side) a chance.

Now, we may not agree exactly where the threshold that justifies an indigenous insurrection lies, but we can agree that it is lower than that for a foreign (even if benevolent) invasion. The former need not prove, say, genocide. Oppression will do. For Jonas Savimbi or Adolfo Calero to justify leading a rebellion requires less of a provocation than for Ronald Reagan to launch a liberating invasion.

Yet a Calero still needs reasons. Order (as peace) has its claims. It requires those who propose to breach the peace to produce reasons: a history of oppression, the call of freedom, and the like. Jefferson compiled an impressive list of grievances the redress of which are morally superior to order. (And leaving aside the question of whether Calero is Jefferson, one is hard-pressed to argue that the oppression suffered by the American colonists was worse than that experienced now by Nicaraguans, Angolans, Afghans, or Cambodians.)

We believe in freedom. That may not be enough reason to disturb the peace in places where there is no freedom. But if indigenous rebels, claiming their right to freedom, meet the (lesser) requirements to justify revolution and call for American support, it is hard to see

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what morally proscribes us from responding.

But by responding are we not jeopardizing order in another sense, order as rules? By showing disrespect for the rules against non-intervention and particularly against overthrowing a legitimate government, do we not weaken the fabric of international society?

The case for world order is this: the international arena is not quite a state of nature. There is a fragile structure. That structure depends on all states adhering to certain rules. The most basic of these is respect for sovereignty. The West (and the United States, in particular) is the great inventor and upholder of this order. If it goes around breaking it to suit other ends, what will be left of it?

This is a familiar argument generally made by pragmatists. But is it a moral argument? Is order—the predictable, non-threatening conduct of international affairs according to rules—a moral value? Even the great anti-moralist, Hans Morgenthau, felt compelled to answer yes. True, he says, in the international arena there is no morality; it is only within states that a moral order can exist. "There is a profound and neglected truth hidden in Hobbes's extreme dictum that the state creates morality as well as law and that there is neither morality nor law outside the state." Vis-à-vis each other, states are not moral agents; vis-à-vis their own citizens, they are. However, since world order is the necessary condition for the stability of individual states, world order becomes the indispensable condition for the existence of any moral order.

Thus order achieves moral dignity (Morgenthau's phrase), instrumentally. Though not itself a moral value, it permits the survival of moral values. But it is one thing to say that order is thus, in a backhanded way, a moral good. It is quite another to elevate it to the status of supreme good, which is what those who oppose the Reagan Doctrine on the grounds that it is wrong to overthrow legitimate governments must argue.

THERE ARE other goods more important than order. There are wrongs worth righting even at the cost of injuring order. To demonstrate this, one does not have to resort to the obvious and all-purpose example of a war against Hitler. Consider the supreme principle of the Organization of African Unity: in order to minimize conflict, colonial boundaries, however wrongly drawn, are to be the basis of the new sovereignties of Africa. This is the perfect example of an otherwise arbitrary rule that, because of its contribution to order, acquires moral status. Yet: Biafra rejected that principle when it declared its independence. In pressing its anti-secessionist war, Nigeria was upholding that principle. Whether that declaration was a good idea is not the point. The point is that the "order" principle does not tell you on which side of this war morality lay.

There is one exception: nuclear order. If disorder takes the form of a third world war, then the defenders of the status quo have a winning case. Liberating, say, Czechoslovakia does not warrant the risks it entails. But the brushfire conflicts of the Reagan Doctrine are not wars over which the superpowers are themselves going to go to war. Thus when critics of the Reagan Doctrine argue in the name of order, they mean not nuclear peace but the status quo. It is a profoundly reactionary position. There are things worse than disorder. A major premise of the Reagan Doctrine is that living under a Leninist dictatorship is one of them.

BUT THERE IS something even more wrong with the order-as-rules argument: the assumption that, on the question of subverting and overthrowing existing regimes, there is a world order to be violated in the first place. In fact, there is not. At best there is only half an order. The Soviet system proclaimed rejection of the idea with its policy of support for "wars of national liberation."

Those taken with the "web" metaphor sometimes argue that if we start supporting guerrillas where we want, they will support guerrillas where they want. The fact is, they already support guerrillas where they want, and have been doing so wherever it suits their interests going back to Greece. The Soviet bloc does not have to learn its internationalism from the West. Quite the contrary.

In some spheres of international life there is an order. All states adhere to the postal code because they recognize that adhering to this set of rules brings long-term advantages that outweigh the short-term gain that would come from breaking them. But that is simply not the case with the entirely different sphere of international order having to do with military action and violations of sovereignty. In this case, the existence of some order is a convenient Western fiction. It admits to Soviet "violations," as if these were not systematic and intentional. The word "violations" implies that a pre-existing norm is abused. In fact, systematic violations of a norm by one of the two major parties pledged to it renders it nonexistent. It does not enjoy a platonic life outside of history.

International Law. But should we not respect the rules because they are law? The unsentimental case against assisting insurgency is the need for order. The sentimental case is the imperative of international law: that we are contractually bound, treaty bound, morally bound to obey it, just as individuals are enjoined to obey domestic law; that, whatever the theory underlying international law, it has a moral claim on us; and that therefore "illegal" violations of sovereignty are immoral. In the case of Nicaragua, the World Court has just ruled that American actions in Nicaragua violate international law on not one but ten counts.

The Nicaragua case is a particularly elegant example of the absurdity of such rulings. Elegant, because Nicaragua at first openly, and then, for prudential reasons, covertly, has been the principal supplier and sanctuary for the Salvadoran insurgency. A regime that at one point publicly declared its support for "liberation movements" to be not simply policy but an internationalist obligation then proceeds to the World Court (and now—the ultimate homage of vice to virtue—to American courts) to declare illegal precisely such actions by the United States.

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Why should the democratic world then adhere to such a law? Either because (*a*) the underlying basis of the law—the need for rules of order in international life—is morally compelling (which I have considered above); or (*b*) the promise to do so is morally compelling. Consider b. We solemnly promised. But surely, if the moral obligation is sanctity of contract, and the other major party to the contract is given to repeated, systematic, and open "violations," then the obligation, like the contract, is rendered void. The point is not that Nicaragua violated the law and therefore it is not binding. The point is that Nicaragua (and Cuba and the Soviet Union) don't consider the law binding—on them—in principle. That is why it is no longer binding on other parties.

DOES THAT mean that all contracts are void, that all of international law is useless? Do we, for example, throw out the Geneva conventions? No. The fallacy again is to see "international law" as a seamless whole. There are distinctions to be made.

International law encompasses a variety of norms with very different moral valences. Conventions (like the 200-mile fishing limit) require reciprocity to be useful. Moral imperatives (like proscriptions against the maltreatment of prisoners of war) do not. If one side begins torturing its prisoners of war, it does not follow that the other side may do the same. Similarly, if one side in a war uses terror (e.g., deliberate attacks on innocent civilians), that does not excuse the use of that tactic by the other side. Moral imperatives command no matter what happens on the other side. Conventions have no meaning unless adhered to by both sides.

The rule prohibiting intervention against existing governments, like the OAU rule against secession, is an order-contributing convention. Respect for sovereignty in itself is not a moral imperative. It cannot be. The sanctity of sovereignty enshrines a radical moral asymmetry. It grants legitimacy and thus protection to whoever has guns and powder enough to be in control of a government. Those challenging that government, the Salvadoran no less than the Nicaraguan guerrillas, have no standing before the World Court. They cannot get a ruling, for whatever it's worth, against their government. Unlike domestic courts, it is an arena for the haves only.

Popular Will. But is there not a third reason why intervening to overthrow other governments is wrong? Not because it threatens order, nor because we promised not to do so, but because it is wrong for one people to impose its will upon another? Yes, but that assumes that overthrowing a government is necessarily to oppose the will of the people, which, in turn, assumes that governments reflect the will of the people. This is true of democracies. It is not true of dictatorships. It cannot be true that if, say, Aquino had requested outside intervention last February, giving it would have been wrong because it was one people imposing its will on another. Dictators are in the business of imposing their will on unwilling people. Deposing them may be wrong for other reasons (order, promises), but not on the grounds of violating a people's autonomy.

For some critics, popular will is a crucial determinant of the morality of intervention. Michael Walzer opposes American support to the Nicaraguan *contras* on moral grounds but says, "I would feel differently about a genuinely popular struggle."

I would accept Walzer's popular will condition. So does Arturo Cruz. In Cruz's first, somewhat anguished, declarations of support for the *contras*, he said that he was prepared to join and to lead because (among other reasons) the *contras* had become an authentic national resistance. The difference, then, between Walzer and Cruz becomes an empirical one: Is the current resistance truly popular?

One does not have to believe that Cruz or Robelo or Calero are national heroes to believe that the resistance itself, decentralized and fought on many fronts, represents an authentic "revolt of Nicaraguans against oppression by other Nicaraguans" (Cruz's phrase). Are they a majority? No one knows. Despotisms don't permit such facts to be ascertained. How does one prove, or know, whether the NLF commanded a majority of South Vietnamese opinion? What counts is whether large sectors of the nation are engaged in resistance. In Nicaragua, I would argue, they are. Some of it is armed, some is unarmed, though it gives obvious, if veiled, support to the armed resistance. (For example, the writings in the *Washington Post* of *La Prensa* editor Roberto Cardenal Chamorro and Cardinal Obando y Bravo are both clearly in support of the resistance.) True, there is, as yet, no action in the cities. That is difficult against an efficient secret police, such as that at the disposal of Tomás Borge. But is the Nicaraguan resistance any less popular than that in El Salvador? Or than the Sandinista resistance in its fifth year (1966)? Or than the Sandinista dictatorship today?

THE CASE AGAINST assisting rebels is weak enough. Ironically, it is fairly well undermined by a remarkable detail in the World Court's recent long and otherwise unremarkable decision on Nicaragua. It seems, according to a majority of the Court, that intervention is against international law, unless it involves "the process of decolonization," an exception with which "the Court is not here concerned." This detail is remarkable not because it shows the anti-Western bias of the majority of the Court—"colonialism," in UNese, is an exclusively Western practice—but because of what it says about the principles that underlie the non-intervention rule.

Popular will? Presumably, intervening against colonialism cannot violate a people's autonomy because no people can conceivably prefer colonial status to freedom. The Reagan Doctrine assumes (with good historical reason) that no people willingly bear a communist dictatorship.

Order? The Court's exception also establishes that there are values higher than order, and decolonization is one of them. The Reagan Doctrine does not really challenge that premise. It merely says that any definition of colonialism that excludes Soviet colonialism and any definition of wars

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of national liberation that excludes anti-communist insurgencies makes for moral nonsense. (To hold that Western colonialism is the only evil that justifies intervention leads to other interesting moral nonsense. Foreign support for the insurgencies in British East Africa—i.e., before independence—would be justified. The Tanzanian invasion of Uganda that toppled Idi Amin 17 years after decolonization would not.)

TO SAY THAT the rules against intervention or against supporting insurgencies are unconvincing is not to say that all guerrilla wars are morally worthy of support. How to decide? I suggest three tests.

One, already discussed, is evidence of popular support.

A second is ends. Ultimately we decide which insurgencies are worthy of support and which are not in the same way we decide about other causes: we ask what they are trying to achieve. I accept the World Court's view that there are higher principles than non-intervention and higher values than order. The real moral question is: What are those higher values? I would accept decolonization as one, but would generalize it to read freedom, meaning a regime of democratic rule and individual rights, or, where that is not possible (Afghanistan, for example), of national independence and the relative freedom of living under a traditional government rather than under communism.

Because ends are so important, I make an exception for the administration's (and Congress's) position on the Cambodian insurgency. The forces of Son Sann and Sihanouk are worthy of support. However, the Khmer Rouge, whose aims for Cambodia are not a mystery, so dominate the insurgency that it is they who are likely to rule in a post-revolutionary Cambodia. Although it might serve Western interests, that is not an outcome that the West can in good conscience promote.

The same three tests would apply in, say, South Africa. I see no moral objection to supporting those trying to overthrow the apartheid regime, even if by force of arms. The usual question—are they for or against violence?—is not the relevant moral one. Oppression justifies violent resistance in South Africa just as it does in Nicaragua or Afghanistan. The question of whether one should support one opposition group or another should hinge on other considerations: popular support, ends (what kind of South Africa is this group likely to produce should it prevail), and means.

III. The Critique of Guerrilla War

WHICH BRINGS US TO the last, and, in my view, most serious moral objection to the Reagan Doctrine, or, for that matter, any policy or theory that proposes support for insurgent guerrillas. The problem is not the ethics of intervention or even of insurgency. It is with the way irregular war is fought.

Guerrilla war is the most morally troubling type of war because its technique is to subvert one of the most fundamental rules of war, the distinction between soldier and civilian. That does not mean that there are no rules in guerrilla war. The conventional code of distinguishing between uniformed soldier and ordinary civilian gives way in guerrilla war to a "political code" in which the crucial distinction is between those who are and are not agents of a (perceived) oppressive political structure (even—perhaps especially—if they are not soldiers, since soldiers are often conscripts just carrying out orders).

The current American anti-war movement reached a peak of indignation two years ago with the publication of a CIA manual that talked about "neutralizing," i.e., assassinating, Sandinista officials. One does not recall the Vietnam anti-war movement being similarly disturbed over the massive NLF assassination campaign of the early '60s, which killed 7,500 South Vietnamese government officials. But hypocrisy is not the issue. The issue is whether assassination of officials is a war crime. In a closely argued analysis of the NLF assassination campaign, in *Just and Unjust Wars*, Walzer shows—convincingly, I believe—why not. Since guerrilla war is by nature a political ("hearts and minds") struggle, and village officials are agents of the enemy political structure, they have a role somewhat analogous to that of military officials in a conventional war. With political power comes responsibility, and danger. "I do not mean to defend assassination . . . and yet 'just assassinations' are at least possible, and men and women who aim at that kind of killing and renounce every other kind need to be marked off from those who kill at random—not as doers of justice, necessarily, for one can disagree about that, but as revolutionaries with honor."

THERE ARE limits, however. Walzer rightly finds "disturbing" the NLF's expansion of the category of official (and, thus, of assassination target) to include even low-level, non-political functionaries and private notables who were pro-government. The line of where real political power ends is, he argues, an indistinct one, but in principle it exists. "Assuming that the regime is in fact oppressive, one should look for agents of oppression and not simply for government agents."

A good line. It implies immediately that one should not look for ordinary civilians, who are agents of humanity only. The practice of deliberately targeting random innocents has another name: terrorism. The exigencies of guerrilla war are no excuse for terrorism. Assassination of (perceived) agents of oppression, problematic as it is, is one thing; the murder of innocents is another. Even guerrilla war has rules.

One, therefore, is the impermissibility of terrorism. Simple enough. But guerrilla war has a subtler dynamic. Guerrillas classically try to make *the government* resort to terror. They try to provoke increased repression—"heightening the contradictions"—in order to build the insurgency and undermine popular support for the government. As the contradictions heighten and the war gets dirtier, then, who is to blame?

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Walzer argues that at a certain point when an insurgency has grown sufficiently large and has acquired sufficient popular support, it becomes truly a "people's war." The distinction between soldier and civilian has then indeed been erased, and the government finds itself at war with a people. "It is no longer an anti-guerrilla but an anti-social war. . . ." Counterinsurgency becomes a form of genocide. At that point, no matter what the aims of either side, the means that the government must use to fight become so evil as to make any end morally insupportable.

Did the Vietnam War ever reach this critical point of popular support, where it was the United States and its client army against the people? It is difficult to argue that now, particularly given what we have learned from the testimony of former NLF officials. In fact, the NLF was largely sacrificed in the Tet offensive of 1968. Thereafter the armed forces of Hanoi bore the brunt of the war and were the agents of victory. But if Saigon's war was not then truly a "war against the people," that gravely weakens the argument that the means the Saigon side had to use were necessarily morally impermissible.

Hence an updated, slightly modified version of this argument (see "Why the War Was Immoral" by Hendrik Hertzberg, TNR, April 29, 1985). It says not that the communist side of the war was "the people" but that it was implacable and relentless. It was the utter tenacity of the guerrillas-North Vietnamese that made the war, for our side, morally unfightable. The communists would not relent whatever the suffering, most of which was incurred on their side. Because of that, we really did have to destroy too much of Vietnam in order to save it. Thus, however just the aim—and in retrospect it is more just now than it had appeared at the time—the means of conducting that war were too awful to sustain *any* purpose.

At least that was said when the United States was in the counterinsurgency business. Now the United States finds itself in several places around the world in the insurgency business. If guerrillas now are deemed the ones morally obliged to cease and desist, a simple rule emerges regarding guerrilla war and just means: if you are fighting communists, dedicated relentless communists, you are morally obliged to quit; it does not matter whether they are the government or the guerrillas; they will escalate whatever the civilian toll; therefore the injustice of war's means outweighs the value of any possible end. I am not prepared to say this. It is a perverse political reflex that takes a moral stance against the suffering of guerrilla war but manages to assign blame for bringing it on to whatever side, insurgent or counterinsurgent, happens to be fighting communists (and thus is aligned with the United States).

ON THE contrary. Each side is responsible for its own actions only. Now that the Soviets and their clients find themselves in the counterinsurgency business, they, like the United States in Vietnam, are to be held accountable for means they use to suppress revolt. Reagan Doctrine guerrilla forces are entitled to the same moral standard that was extended to the NLF in Vietnam.

Each side accounts for its own actions. And, we agree, those actions, even in guerrilla war, must exclude terrorist means. What, then, of the atrocities (euphemistically called "human rights violations") committed by the anti-communist guerrillas supported by the Reagan Doctrine? This is not a minor problem. Indeed, it is such a crucial moral challenge to the Reagan Doctrine that, in the case of Nicaragua, supporters have pushed very hard for ways (structures, procedures, increased direct American control) to reduce the abuses.

By abuses I do not mean blowing up power lines, burning crops, and mining harbors, tactics that have aroused much protest in the United States. The moral indignation here seems to me misplaced. Attacks on property seem a far more humane way to conduct a war than attacks on even military targets, since this often means soldiers, who are apt to die as a result.

By abuses I mean terror and torture. If these are committed by members of an armed force, its cause is not necessarily de-legitimized. These abuses always occur. The important question is whether or not the use of such means is deliberate policy, and whether the army, guerrilla or otherwise, establishes rules prohibiting such conduct and takes steps to enforce the rules.

IT SEEMS to me that the guerrilla army that least meets these criteria is in Afghanistan. Its guerrilla force, for example, rarely takes prisoners, except a few for purposes of propaganda or exchange. Yet the Afghan rebels enjoy unflinching liberal support. On Capitol Hill, Afghanistan is perhaps the holiest cause, even among critics of the Reagan Doctrine in Nicaragua and Angola. On October 4, 1984, the House passed, without dissent, the Ritter resolution "to encourage and support the people of Afghanistan in their struggle to be free from domination" and "to provide the people, if they so request, with material assistance . . . to help them fight effectively." March 21, 1985, was "Afghanistan Day" in the United States, so declared by a joint resolution of Congress, also passed by unanimous consent. Receptions are held and toasts given to Afghan guerrilla commanders.

Why do Afghan atrocities not de-legitimize their struggle, and require us to cease support? Again the issue is not hypocrisy. It must be morally self-evident to both critics and supporters of the Reagan Doctrine that the Afghan guerrillas still deserve support. Some other principles must be involved here.

It has, I think, to do with control. The sensibilities of the West and its idea of rules of engagement will not change the Afghans. They can be counted on to carry on regardless. If we were fighting Soviet forces in the United States (or even Afghanistan) we should not permit ourselves to fight this way. But the Afghans will anyway. We have only one choice: to decide between the lesser of two evils. And we decide that, taking into account both the means and ends of the guerrillas and of their enemy, the lesser evil is to support the rebels.

I am not pretending that strategic considerations do not

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dwarf these moral considerations and that these considerations are not why even liberals embrace the Afghan guerrillas. But, as in all such decisions, strategic considerations are insufficient if the policy is morally unacceptable. There must always be two tests. I have never gotten an adequate accounting from those who indignantly protest Savimbi and the *contras* as to how the Afghan war passes a moral test. My reasoning above is the best I can do, for them and for myself.

It is, I believe, fair reasoning, with important historical precedent. This is not the first time we make such choices. We could not dictate Stalin's tactics either. And yet we chose to ally ourselves with the second greatest monster of the century in order to defeat the first. The decision to do so was not even a close call. Or consider the Spanish Civil War. The atrocities committed by the Loyalist forces are the equal of those attributed to any of the Reagan Doctrine forces. That does not prevent Walzer from terming "shameful" (I agree) the democracies' refusal to intervene (as legitimate counterintervention against German and Italian efforts to "turn the balance") on the Loyalist side. My point is not that this is hypocrisy. Not at all. It is merely an example of making a necessary moral calculus when faced with two sides, the behavior of neither of which we are likely to alter substantially. There are no moral foxholes.

The same lesser-of-two-evils case can be made for the other Reagan Doctrine conflicts. But it would be insufficient. Afghan atrocities do expose hypocrisy, but they do not provide moral cover, because in Nicaragua (and, to a minor extent, in Angola) the United States has more control over the insurgency. (One need not accept the Sandinista fantasy that the resistance is a CIA puppet to maintain this.) And with control comes responsibility. One responsibility is to see to it that the guerrilla war is fought within certain moral boundaries. No more use of pressure-sensitive land mines. A human rights office to investigate reported atrocities. This is the standard to which we would hold ourselves were we conducting a guerrilla war of our own. We are morally obliged to try to impose it in support of guerrilla wars where possible, i.e., where we exercise a sufficient degree of control. We are obliged to try to prevent abuses and to ensure that resort to such tactics does not become guerrilla policy. But that is different from saying that we are obliged to wash our hands of the war because, in this war as in others, such abuses occur.

THERE IS ONE final critique of the use of guerrilla means. Not that they violate the rules of war, but they violate another standard, the Vince Lombardi standard: the rebels cannot win. The immorality lies in using foreign peasants as cannon fodder for a cynical American policy of bleeding the Soviets and their allies.

What is not explained is why so many people are willing to go to their deaths (they are not, by and large, drafted) in order to serve the marginal interest of an alien power. I offer a better explanation. These guerrillas must believe either that they can win, or that their fight will force some solution short of victory that is better than the status quo, so much better that it is worth dying for. These guerrillas ask for our help. It seems a form of moral hauteur to deny them the help (and, incidentally, expose them to more danger, since in most cases they will carry on regardless) because we know better whether they can achieve what they are prepared to risk their lives to achieve.

Moreover, how do Reagan Doctrine critics know that these wars are unwinnable? The Vietnamese communists, starting with a very small number of cadres, took 30 years to expel the French and Americans and ultimately subdue all of their Indochinese neighbors. It took three decades, too, for Chinese communists to achieve victory. In less than half a decade the Reagan Doctrine has produced no success. That is not proof that these wars are unwinnable. Unless one adds: these wars must fail because our enemies will always match us and escalate to meet any challenge by our side. But just because that was true in Vietnam does not mean it will be true everywhere else. It was not, for example, true of Malaysia or Thailand, where the communist side was defeated. Moreover, this critique degenerates into the earlier argument that because they will fight to win at all cost, our contesting their will (or more precisely: our assisting others who choose to contest their will) becomes morally untenable. We return to the proposition that fighting determined communists who refuse to quit is in itself a moral offense.

Americans might be more humble about deciding which wars are winnable and which are not. Our track record in this department is not good. It was once thought that a fifth-rate military power in Southeast Asia could not possibly defeat the premier power of the world. War is mostly a matter of will. People are not going out into the field and being shot in unwinnable wars because they are being forced to or bribed by the United States. They are doing so because they think their struggle is worth fighting for. Some people fight to the death for honor, but not many.

THE REAGAN DOCTRINE is a strategic response of the United States to the needs of a containment policy and to a change in the correlation of forces in the world in the 1970s. But it cannot be defended purely on strategic grounds. It must be morally defensible. An analysis of the principles underlying intervention, insurgency, and guerrilla war yields, in my view, the conclusion that it is. It also yields certain conditions for this to remain so—conditions of popular support, ends, and means. (For example, it is my view that the Cambodian insurgency fails a crucial test of ends.)

But what of the real suffering that war necessarily brings to real people? There is no denying the suffering. Nevertheless, the cry of the bereaved mother is not an argument against war. It is an argument against unjust war. It is an argument for careful thinking about principles that justify war and for doing what one can to prevent wanton destruction. In any war, we owe that to both sides and to ourselves. □

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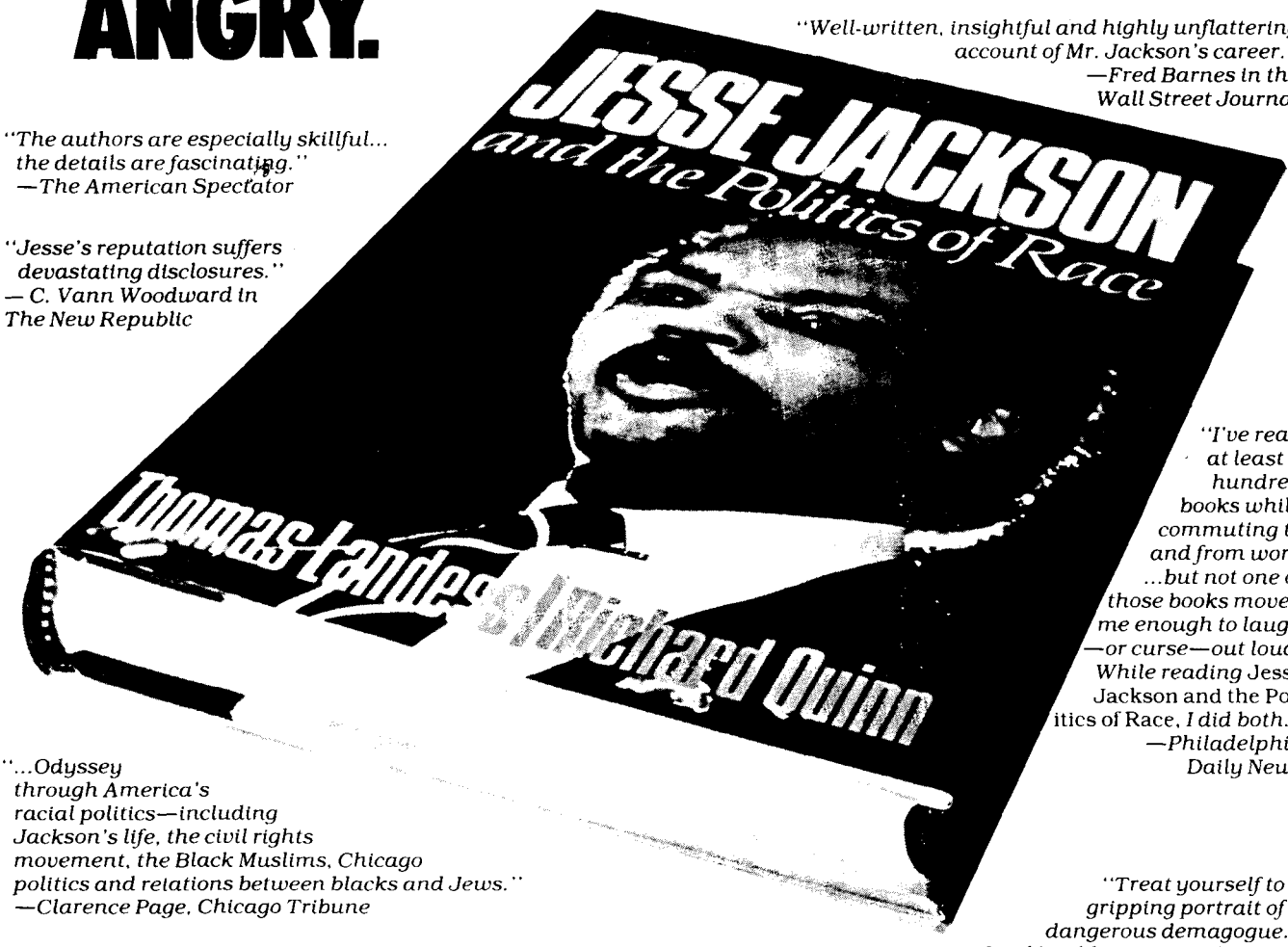

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

The Way They Were

Last week Eric Rohmer's *Summer*, which is short on story. This week Nadine Trintignant's *Next Summer*, which overflows with story.

Trintignant, who wrote her own script, is the wife of Jean-Louis Trintignant and the mother of Marie Trintignant, both of whom are in her film. The family ambience encircles a family chronicle. I certainly don't know how much of the film is biographical, but I think it would have been difficult to write such a film, then make it with (among others) your husband and daughter, without drawing on some shared experiences.

Next Summer
(European Classics)
A Fine Mess
(Columbia)

This pleasant picture wanders a bit, sometimes puzzlingly though always pleasantly, and in time an amiable, unrigorous pattern emerges. Basically, it's about the marriage of two middle-aged people, Philippe Noiret and Claudia Cardinale, who live in a nice house in the mountains of southern France. At the start, Cardinale is in labor with their sixth child and is escorted to the hospital by her other children because Noiret is off somewhere. We see that he's with a young woman. When he hears of his new daughter, he returns at once and, as always, lavishes love and tenderness on his family. The father is a very engaging, self-gratifying freeloader on life whose irresponsibilities are excused by his family because he is so truly loving of those he shortchanges.

Then Cardinale finds a note to him from the young woman. The last straw. She has long endured being viewed as a household utility, she has long endured his extensive absences, presumably on business, but her patience snaps at this confirmation of his philandering while she has been home caring for the brood. She throws him out. Tearfully, he goes to live elsewhere—in the neighborhood, so that he can see his children.

Seven years pass in a subtitle. (Not all of the children seem seven years older.) Noiret has some sort of cerebral attack and is taken to a hospital in Nice. The family gathers round during his long hospital siege. At the end Cardinale and Noiret—he with his head still bandaged—are reunited in their mountain home.

Within the embrace of their story lie the stories of their children—two, chiefly. The oldest daughter, a designer-decorator played by Fanny Ardant, lives with a playwright-director much older than herself, Jean-Louis Trintignant, in a provincial city. Eventually they get to Paris, which is their aim, but the journey and the results are not what they had hoped for. The next daughter, Marie Trintignant, is a gifted pianist who is quite unable to play in public. She and another pianist, Jerome Ange, fall in love, marry, and through the years produce a child and the solution to her problem.

But some problems in the script itself are left unsolved. The source of Noiret's income isn't clear—how his family, especially when he is estranged, lives in that nice house so nicely. Some of the dialogue, to judge by the subtitles, is from the French National Archives of Film Dialogue. At one point Noiret says philosophically to a friend, "You know . . . women. . . ." In a scene with Trintignant, Ardant says, "I'd like to be bored," and he replies, "I love you when you're like this." And some of the plot developments are quite arbitrary.

However, the writer-director compensates for these shortcomings by one persuasive expedient: she makes it all enjoyable—so much so that we never even feel constrained to forgive the film its faults. The title is a pet phrase of Noiret's. He keeps promising the family that they're all going to visit America. When? Next summer. The tone of his solicitude, genuine but not strictly disciplined, is the tone of the whole picture.

"Soap opera" is a ready term these days to patronize nearly every story of family life, of domestic troubles and joys. But surely the term is qualitative, not categorical. Trintignant gives her film a texture better than soap opera, not by any great depth in her script but by all the qualities of its execution. The colors of William Lubtchansky's camera are just pretty enough. Philippe Sarde's music makes a not-too-soft cushion. And Trintignant has cast her film splendidly. Her husband, Jean-Louis, is a dependably intelligent actor. Their daughter, Marie, who has the dramatic beauty of a Cretan figurine, acts with a reserve that bespeaks selfhood. Her fellow pianist, Ange, is as adoring of her as (we feel) he ought to be. Fanny Ardant once again seems a bit outsize, gauche, but the family might well have one daughter like her. Cardinale, 45 when the film was made in 1984, now gives us a more mature version of the beauty and tenderness we first saw in 1958. Noiret has a wonderful time—and heaven knows, he provides one—as the virtually irresistible papa.

Beauty is no longer an absolute requisite in film women. (Is Sandrine Bonnaire of *Vagabond* beautiful?) Beauty

FILMS WORTH SEEING

"About Last Night . . . " David Mamet's play *Sexual Perversity in Chicago* has been taken for a ride. But there's salty, sexy fun along the way. (Reviewed 8/4/86)

Heartburn. Mike Nichols, directing deftly, and Meryl Streep, performing brightly, give some amusement to this fairly vapid comedy about a yuppie marriage that flops. (7/28/86)

Nothing in Common. An attempt to show a young advertising hotshot learning values from his parents' marital troubles. The attempt is muddled; still, Tom Hanks, the young man, and Jackie Gleason, his father, aided by slick dialogue, keep it moving. (9/1/86)

A Room with a View. Forster's novel brought to pretty good screen life with a lush camera and (except Lucy) a skillful cast. (6/2/86)

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is now a faintly old-fashioned requirement, but Trintignant was most deliberately making an old-fashioned film, so all her important women are beautiful. Her form is itself old-fashioned, novelistic: a story that creates a world that the viewer (reader) wants to enter.

Next Summer is Trintignant's seventh feature but only the second I've seen. (The other was *It Only Happens to Others*, a lachrymose job with Deneuve and Mastroianni.) Here she has clearly opted to stand apart from current film trends, in everything from subject to editing style. She justifies her choice. *Next Summer* is not unflecked with corn and it's a bit disheveled, but it's all warm and winning.

Blake Edwards is another old-fashioned director. His main interest for years has been farce, ranging from farce-comedy (*Victor/Victoria*) to low farce (the *Pink Panther* series) to farce that exists only as a scaffolding for slapstick. This last, a really old-time interest, describes Edwards's new picture. He defines it himself with the title—a Laurel and Hardy derivative—*A Fine Mess*. When Edwards really succeeds, as in *Victor/Victoria*, the results are exhilarating. But even when he only partly succeeds, as in the new picture, he gets bunches of boffs and yoks.

The script, by Edwards, is engineered to give a lot of characters the motives that make them cross paths, collide, part, cross, and collide again. The principals are Ted Danson, a struggling Hollywood actor, and Howie Mandel, his put-upon pal, a waiter who wants to open a restaurant. Also involved are Stuart Margolin and Richard Mulligan as two thugs who dope a racehorse, Paul Sorvino and Maria Conchita Alonso as a Mafia boss and his tootsie wife, and Jennifer Edwards, a young woman who works in an art auction house. The fact that these occupations are mostly unrelated is the essence of the piece.

Some of the slapstick is sledgehammer stuff. Mulligan, in particular, overdoes. But I laughed often—at some old gags handled with new energy: accidents with car doors, a man diving under a woman's bed when her husband comes in, and more at about that level. At his best Edwards directs and edits this venerable sort of thing so that I literally can't help laughing, and he's at his best at least half the time here. When I remember some of the "mod" comedies that have lately been praised—such offenses as *Ruthless People* and *Back to School* and *Wise Guys*—*A Fine Mess* is refreshing in its candid slapstick. How many films are you going to see this year in which a man closes the peephole in his front door and gets his hair caught in it?

Business And Bigotry

Paris Shopkeepers and the Politics of Resentment by Philip G. Nord

(Princeton University Press, 539 pp., $47)

A hundred years ago, with the 19th century drawing to an end and the Third French Republic in its habitual state of political turmoil, a movement of Paris shopkeepers added to the agitation. Negligible in numbers when it started, the retailers' league had, by the late 1890s, mobilized over 140,000 members, a figure the more impressive if you compare it to the 100,000 that the CGT (General Confederation of Labor) could muster at the time. Jewelers, tailors and haberdashers, grocers and butchers, commercial travelers and commissioners, sellers of toys and dry goods, above all those crucial dispensers of political patronage, wine merchants and publicans—all militated in its ranks.

Allied to the subversive forces that challenged the government and the republican regime—first Boulangists, then anti-Dreyfusard Nationalists and anti-Semites—these hitherto quiescent retailers played a major part in a historic shift. Paris had been the capital of revolution. With their help, it became the spearhead of reaction. In 1900, the balance of the Paris Municipal Council, long dominated by republicans and radicals, swung to the right, where it has stayed since then. Newly elected Nationalist councillors made the difference, many of them

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voted into office by lower-middle-class center-city wards long loyal to the progressive republic. Students have tended to treat this as an early example of lower-middle-class predisposition to reaction, even to fascism. Philip Nord, a Princeton historian, re-examines this view and others and comes up with conclusions that are novel, convincing, and illuminating both for the contemporary history of France and for the larger questions of petty bourgeois protest and lower-middle-class revolt.

HOW DID those new social strata that the Republic favored—the *nouvelles couches sociales* that Gambetta welcomed in 1872—come to embrace the likes of Boulanger and Déroulède, who threatened the Republic? How did independent petty bourgeois become the chief clients of anti-Semitism and nationalism? What politicized these tradespeople and what colored their politics? Should their evolutions be attributed to economic decline under the impact of economic depression, to proletarianization, to relative deprivation, to status anxiety, to political manipulation, or to the authoritarian trends of repressive family structures? Should our explanations be economic, social, political, cultural, or psychological? Nord conflates them all, and that's what makes his work so rich.

For a start, Nord reminds us that the rural bourgeoisie and their small-town cousins never wavered in their support of the Third Republic. The phenomena he studies are Parisian; his clients are concentrated in particular quarters; professional and political activism are localized by neighborhood and trade. The social and geographical breakdowns whose results appear in multiple plans and tables, but also in digestible narrative, show the league made up not of marginal traders, nor of a clientele situated in out-of-the-way areas, but strongest in the clothing and luxury trades of the capital's center: a movement of haves in the process of becoming have-nots. So far, so good.

The expectable continues. The early focus of retailer ire is the department store—that symbol of commercial modernism whose exciting and destructive effects Emile Zola traced in *Au Bonheur des Dames*. The great age of Paris commerce in the 1850s and '60s marked the appearance of the department stores and their prosperity, from Bon Marché (1852) and Louvre (1855) to Samaritaine (1869). Such big stores, grossing as much as eight times more a day than a normal shop might in a whole year, enjoyed great advantages over their lesser rivals. Their rental costs represented less than one percent of their yearly earnings, compared to two or three percent for prosperous normal stores. Bulk orders and fast turnover enabled them to slash prices. The variety of goods they sold meant that seasonal slumps affected them less acutely and helped sustain a high volume of sales. So did revolutionary new merchandising principles: free entry to all (that *entrée libre* which still intrigues tourists today), fixed prices clearly marked (which did away with haggling), the acceptance of purchase returns, lower markups (20 percent or less, compared to 40 percent and even 50 percent in other stores), discounts, loss leaders, and the panoply of modern publicity—catalogs, advertising, and the rest.

The unaccustomed efficiency and scale of the new enterprises evoked industrial and military comparisons. Here was "a mechanism of modern life," the factory's commercial equivalent, threatening old-style individualism with the pedestrian crowds and armies of sales clerks that it mobilized. Industrial metaphors applied to their architecture too, resembling "market halls, railway stations, permanent exhibitions." Where traditional merchandise dwelt in dark, cavernous quarters that discouraged fancy, strolling, browsing, window shopping, or impulse buying, the new stores with their spectacular structures, theatrical staircases and galleries, glass roofs, luminous curtain walls, and artificial light of the most modern kind (Le Printemps replaced gas with electricity in 1883, shortly after the Opera did) produced consumer fairylands appropriate to new rituals of commodity worship.

SCALE AND ease of movement were both novelties in Paris during this period. Baron Haussmann's urban renewal projects were just bringing about a similar revolution in communications. "The boulevards of the *grands magasins*' interior were so many extensions of the *grands boulevards*." Both provided a much-coveted commodity: spectacle, the essence of *la vie parisienne*. Both mixed theater with business. The department store itself was "a gigantic theater," where glass and iron, fantasy and bright lights, color and display, made for a high turnover. But it was more than that.

In a Paris that long remained a mosaic of village-neighborhoods, traditional retailers, however prosperous, relied in good part on neighborhood trade. Department stores proposed substitute neighborhoods—grander, more elegant, more exciting. How could a normal shop compete with their offerings and their power, asked those who couldn't. Why shouldn't it compete on its own terms, answered those who could. Nord is more than fair to both sides of the argument, but ranges himself with the latter view. Antagonism between big stores and small was not necessarily fatal to *petit commerce*. This prospered along with the *grand* into the early '80s. It began to flag only as the economy flagged, and then not uniformly. In the 19th century as today, small shops lived on, even prospered, in the shadow of the great. Those that failed found their foundering tragic, as did the proprietor of Le Vieil Elboeuf in Zola's *Bonheur des Dames*. Still, many survived by becoming more efficient, more streamlined, more innovative, even more welcoming to customers—aspects of merchandising that had not always been major French concerns, and still are not today. Meanwhile, to the shopping public, rich and poor, department stores were harbingers of improvement: making shopping easier and more pleasant, making consumer goods accessible to many rather than to the privileged few, and generating a current of business that affected commercial activity in general.

YET EVEN admitting, as we must, that *la révolution du bon marché* benefited big business more than it did small, why, asks Nord, was the shopkeepers' league only founded in the 1880s, a quarter century after department stores came to affect the market? And why was its recruitment so selective, attracting some retailers in some areas, but very few in others? His answer: a profound recasting of market structures, wrought by the urban restructuring of Baron Haussmann. Transforming Paris from a congeries of neighborhoods into a centralized metropolis, Haussmannization affected transportation, communication, circulation, population. It ended the old autonomous mosaic of the capital, created new fashionable arteries and centers, brought isolated neighborhoods into easier contact with the metropolitan hub. At the same time, however, it drained life from some areas and isolated others: precisely those that had thrived

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in hitherto fashionable locations such as the rue Vivienne, the rue Richelieu, or the Palais Royal, where the core of retailer militancy developed.

Affecting different quarters differently; directing customers down this street, not that—urban transformation created a fissured commercial community, riven by simmering social tensions between residents of one quarter and another, practitioners of one trade and another, small shopkeepers and large, new downtown and old. These conflicts were destined to explode.

BUT IT wasn't urban change that set off the explosion. It was the economic slump of the 1880s and '90s. The fin de siècle depression was international, but France was slower to adjust to it and harder hit by foreign competition. More efficient producers, especially Americans and Germans, undersold French goods and drove them off the market—even the French market. As in every crisis, there were winners and losers. French producers' efforts to cut costs benefited industrial efficiency. They also introduced *le sweating system*, depressed prices, and accelerated the decline of artisan-made goods. Contemporaries bemoaned the passing of skilled artisans, the allegedly irreversible decline of smaller workshops. Since Louis Chevalier has repeated this in a book about Parisians of the 1960s, one may suspect that such decline was limited and slow. Still, the impression was what counted. Nor could it be gainsaid that domestic markets were being flooded with relatively inexpensive consumer goods: ready-to-wear clothing, machine-made shoes and furniture, low-quality merchandise of all kinds. A real improvement for more modest buyers but readily, and sometimes justifiably, denounced as *camelote*—shoddy junk, contributing to the corruption of public taste and to a deplorable drift into consumerism.

The influx of cheap goods changed the structure of the market. Distributors and retailers who caught the going train did well. But a wide range of traders, hard hit by the slump, suffered permanent damage; and the league was there to rally them. Shopmen poorly located in the old downtown area and strangled by lack of trade could only blame the foreigners and cosmopolitan speculators who built fortunes by selling shoddy merchandise at prices that drove honest folk to ruin. Desperate men seek scapegoats. The department store furnished the most visible scapegoat. Behind it stood Messrs. Moneybags, providing its capital. And behind them, that immortal usurer and troublemaker, the Jew. Though not one Jew owned or managed a department store by the century's end, "The Semitic question is very often mixed with the department store question," one chronicler declared.

TODAY WE SEE, as Nord explains, that the painful commercial transformation and the promising consumer revolution were rooted in structural changes imposed on French industry and merchandising by foreign competition and technical innovation. The problem was not department stores, or supermarkets like Félix Potin's, but shrinking export markets, structural changes in the production of consumer goods, the influx of new kinds of merchandise, all compounded by a cyclical business contraction. But who was to know this then? Like Haussmannization, the great depression sundered the Paris business community, bringing good fortune to some, hardship to others. The losers, hard hit by urban transformation and economic change, tried to stave off disaster by professional militancy.

Still, Nord points out, you need more than a shared sense of grievance to mobilize a group into collective action. Social and economic circumstances generated an inchoate retailer discontent. But it was the political conjuncture of the '80s, then the '90s, that turned this into a mass movement in defense of small trade. Politics provided the medium through which retailer discontent would be transmuted into militant small shopkeeper consciousness.

At this point Nord introduces the cultural factor, perhaps the least expectable element of his subject, not because it has never been tapped before but because it has never been interwoven in the general picture in quite this way. Domestic markets flooded with relatively inexpensive consumer goods were a gain for most buyers. But not everybody relished what one contemporary described as the democratization of luxury. Many deplored the weakening of moral fiber and the lowering of standards that the novel facilities entailed. The chief beneficiaries of the shift to cheaper goods were the middle classes, the pettier bourgeoisie especially. But lesser folk stood not far behind. In Nord's account, this is when the people "erupted into the closed world of commodity utopianism." One instance of their eruption, much remarked at the time, was that the boulevards, once reserved for "people of quality," were taken over first by the bourgeois, then—in the '80s and '90s—by the vulgar crowd. We have seen that the fortunes of boulevards and department stores ran close together. The democratization of one accompanied the democratization of the other, and commerce presided over both. And there were those who objected in both cases.

Trade, Nord explains, "spilled out into the street, covering the walls and kiosks with advertising, littering the sidewalks with leaflets." Sandwich men, newsboys, distributors of handbills added to the crowd and to the garbage. So did news sheets that, like the *Vie française* in Maupassant's contemporary novel *Bel Ami*, "steered their course through the waters of high finance and low politics." Illustrated posters, fascinating to many, disgusted others. Street peddlers, whom some romanticized, drew similar objections. Increased traffic made leisurely strolling impossible, accidents soared, the crossing of the boulevard Montmartre and the rue du faubourg Montmartre became known as the *carrefour des crass*. Brasseries emblazoned with light late into the night were denounced as *embras-*

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series—as dens of vice, where vulgar beer and murderous absinthe replaced the coffee and champagne of civilized cafés. "With the beer, democracy flows in full abundance."

While beer and democracy flowed, the wit, good taste, and charm of true boulevardiers ebbed. Nord reminds us that the fin de siècle saw the end of the great era of cafés, not its heyday. Tortoni's went out of business in 1893, the Café de Paris in 1896, the Café de Madrid in 1897, to be replaced by brasseries, cut-rate eateries, and café concerts. As this happened, allegedly cultured exchanges gave way to vulgar pleasure grubbing. People pushed and hurried, gabbled, gobbled, guzzled, wore cheap ready-mades that didn't quite fit. What was once a salon, habitués complained, had become a fair. The exclusive society gave way to a mob. The egalitarianism of the sidewalks caught up with that of the big store.

REVULSION against commercialism and revulsion against lowbrow materialism could now make common cause. Ready-mades and high finance, naturalism and brasseries were rejected pell-mell, along with other symbols of modernity, from the Eiffel Tower to the Jew. This cultural reaction proved particularly strong in the boulevard milieu, between the Madeleine and the Porte Saint-Denis, and in its outpost of the butte Montmartre. There, performers in a representative cabaret such as Rodolphe Salis's *Chat Noir* directed their shafts indiscriminately against foreigners and foreign influence, Ibsen and Bon Marché, social realism and gross capitalists, corrupt politicians and avant-garde art, culture vultures and financial ones. Only the fatherland and the humble folk who kept its home fires burning found favor in their eyes. Here were patriotism and populism that easily shaded into jingoism, xenophobia, and anti-Semitism.

Meanwhile, nostalgic yearning for the good old days glorified the time, not so long gone by, when each arrondissement had been "a small civil and industrial province," with its good old shops (endearingly somber and decrepit) and meandering back streets (picturesquely muddy, ill-paved and dank). It was sentiments such as these that in those years gave rise to Nationalist attacks against those who defaced city streets with advertising or real estate development. And to a number of associations that illustrate the origins of ecological activism in right-wing reaction: the Friends of Paris Monuments, backed by retailers and by Boulangists; the Committee to Defend Old Paris, sparked by Drumont and Déroulède; the Committee to Defend Free Space (i.e., parks), founded by the Nationalist and anti-Dreyfusard Gabriel Bonvalot; and the municipal Commission for Old Paris, initiated by a Nationalist councillor elected by the shopkeepers of les Halles.

IT WAS in this atmosphere that the shopkeepers' league was set up in the late 1880s. Nord makes clear that, like its troops, most of its original leaders came from the left. Far from reactionary, all were loyal republicans, mostly of the radical persuasion. Some had been associated with the insurrectionary Commune of 1871. Some would not even reject "that liberating cataclysm we call the social revolution." Their first platforms reflected this. If they called for a halt to the invasion of foreigners and foreign goods, this was a long-standing demand of French labor, too. If they denounced the Eiffel Tower as a harbinger of a new iron age, it was also because it had allegedly been built by low-wage foreign labor. ("The Italian works at reduced prices," reported a police official in 1886. "The native worker would rather starve than abandon established wage rates." A century later little has changed.) The rest of their proposals were close to the ideas of national and municipal socialism: punitive taxes on profits, on turnover, on resident aliens; progressive income tax; nationalizing mines; municipalizing city services such as gasworks; wages and hours fixed by city councils; works programs to soak up unemployment; measures to ease the credit squeeze for small traders and workmen alike.

At a broader level, democratic reforms would advance popular control: elected judges, popular juries, referendum and recall. The sagging economy would be revived by protectionism, xenophobic legislation, soaking the rich, destroying private monopolies, cutting down the sinister agents of centralization: high finance, big business, the bureaucratic state.

In their resistance to mass consumerism and to the dynamism of the modern metropolis, the embattled retailers mistook symptoms for causes. Jews, foreigners, big stores, and so on were stand-ins for a disastrous urban and economic transformation, convenient scapegoats for larger and more diffuse social phenomena that were difficult to encompass, still harder to resist. But when your business founders, and your life with it, how much room is left for rational analysis?

Since the establishment was too busy to pay attention to them, shopkeepers had to look elsewhere. As one of their leaders asked, what had they to lose? That was how they came to ally with marginal malcontents like themselves: in the late 1880s with the followers of General Boulanger, in the '90s with the anti-Semites and the anti-Dreyfusard Nationalists. What changed from one decade to another were not the issues that had sparked the league, but the nature of its allies and the shopkeepers' level of exasperation.

BOULANGIST thinking, which synthesized patriotism, democratic republicanism, and small-owner values, had been tailor-made for shopkeepers. The right-wing associations of the next decade, however, called for more explanation. By that time socialism held the national stage. In a political climate dominated by the struggle between social reform and social defense, the shopkeeper issue appeared irrelevant: a distracting minor nuisance. Nor would any political party take their interests to heart. Only fringe movements—anti-Semites, Nationalists, Christian Democrats—bothered to court retailer support and, for them, it paid off. Frozen out of the political mainstream, the shopkeepers who had turned to the marginal but republican Boulangists in the '80s were now desperate enough to shed their radical republican rhetoric for the rhetoric of the radical right.

As the league newspaper declared in 1901, "We take our friends where we find them." Now they fell among reactionaries. The reactionary potential had always been there: suspicion of the new world of progress and industry, xenophobic parochialism, attachment to old-fashioned values such as thrift, work, and family. But it had been counterbalanced by republican loyalties and "leftist" sympathies. By the 1890s their collectivist friends had come to terms with the bureaucratic state and revealed a penchant for social experiments ruinous to the retail trade. Republicans were busier fighting Catholics than helping their friends in need. Only the Catholics, especially their most anti-Semitic and reactionary organ, the newspaper *La Croix*, had discovered the modest vir-

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tues of small enterprise. "It's not our fault," editorialized the league's newspaper, "if *La Croix* is the only one to have fought for us . . ."

Anti-Semites and anti-Semitic Christian Democrats shared a lot of shopkeeper phobias. They too were against foreigners, Jews, plutocrats, collectivists, politicians, financiers, parasites defined and undefined; they too believed that small was virtuous, that a nation of peasants and shopkeepers was better than one of progs and proles. Sharing the same enemies and, to a good extent, the same origins, shopkeepers and anti-Semites, shopkeepers and Nationalists responded to the same experience of disruption brought on by urban change and economic transformation. They feared for similarly endangered interests and values, they resented big business, mass culture, organized labor, they communed in their joint "small owner utopianism and malignant xenophobia."

The new alignment, Nord makes clear, had been in the works for some time. It would be brought to the surface by the Dreyfus affair, in which the politics of economic and cultural despair converged, and when the alliance of center-city shopkeepers and anti-Dreyfusards swung Paris to the far right in 1900. But then—and this is where Nord produces his final twist—as the political establishment recognized what had happened, it reworked its cost/benefit equations. Moderate republican interest in shopkeepers revived. After all, since Gambetta's heirs had restyled themselves Progressives, they specialized in progress that stayed put: a stance not far from that of the league. Opposition between retailers and the state eased, revindication gave way to reintegration.

NORD CONCLUDES his book by describing how, in the years before 1914, Parisian right-radicalism was subsumed into wider and more temperate currents; how extremist protest gave way to conservative accommodation; how by the eve of war ex-Boulangists, Nationalists, and small businessmen had been drawn into the mainstream republican right that recognized the strategic location of small business at the juncture where capital and labor meet. All of which goes to show that small business is not necessarily reactionary, let alone proto-fascist. It simply looks out for itself and, in the process, makes the best alliances and the best deals it can. The lower-middle classes

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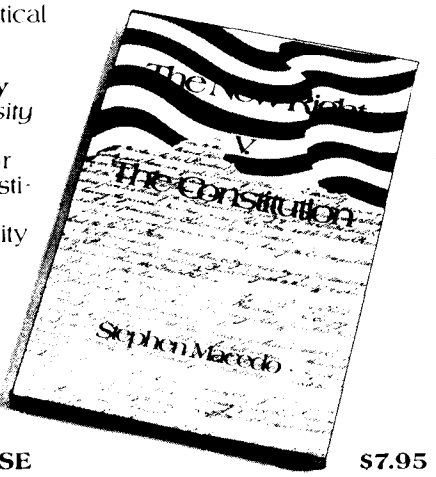

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are no more rational than other groups—and no more irrational either. When they can operate in the mainstream, interest and prejudice combine to keep them there. When they cannot, they may reluctantly take up a marginal position, partly because no other position is offered, partly because they have, or think they have, nothing to lose. Which is perfectly natural. And obvious, now that Philip Nord has demonstrated the obviousness of it.

EUGEN WEBER

Eugen Weber is Joan Palevsky Professor of Modern European History at UCLA. His latest book, *France, Fin de Siècle*, will be published by Harvard University Press in September.

THE WOMAN WHO LOVED WORDS

Ocean of Story by Christina Stead

(Viking, 552 pp., $19.95)

Throughout her long, restless, and productive life, the reputation of the Australian novelist Christina Stead rose and sank with disheartening regularity. Before her great novel of family life, *The Man Who Loved Children*, was reissued in 1965, 25 years after it was originally published and soon forgotten, all nine of the books she had by then written were out of print. Even when that novel received appreciative reviews, one looked in vain for some mention of Christina Stead in the Oxford and Penguin reference tomes on English literature. The omission could not be explained by her Australian origins, since such compatriots as Patrick White and Henry Handel Richardson were given respectful attention.

It is hard to unravel the mystery of literary fame and obscurity—why some novelists won't be forgotten while their betters sink with scarcely a trace. Obviously it has something to do with what's in and out of fashion at different times, or with the stubborn efforts of influential critics on behalf of a writer undeservedly ignored. (Faulkner's name was known, but his books were little read until Malcolm Cowley's famous essay, in 1945, laid out a map of the novelist's world of Yoknapatawpha County and restored his rightful place on the literary map.) Or a novelist's fate can be decided by a publisher's willingness to advertise, or the writer's own talent for self-promotion. (Will Mailer be read after he is gone—and for which novels?)

It may well have been that the idiosyncratic diversity of Christina Stead's fiction, the bewildering unevenness of its quality, her astonishing shifts of setting and method from one book to another, made it difficult for reviewers and readers to discern a recognizable continuity of theme, subject, and purpose in her work, as though there were several different writers inside this novelist. The dramatic variety of scene and tone stemmed in part from the years of wandering that took Stead from Australia, where she was born in 1902, to London in her late 20s. There she took a job with a grain company run by an American, William Blake (born Blech), a novelist and businessman (and Marxist economist) whom she eventually married. Before her marriage, Stead spent five years in Paris, working as a secretary in a private bank, where she absorbed the complexities of international finance that she later poured into *House of All Nations*. In 1937 the Blakes moved to New York, where they became part of a circle of communist intellectuals, and where they remained through the war. Stead wrote reviews and read manuscripts for *The New Masses* and did a brief stint as a scriptwriter in Hollywood. During their years in America her husband wrote *An American Looks at Karl Marx*, a quirky exposition of *Das Kapital*, and, surprisingly, published several historical romances.

Returning to Europe after the war, the Blakes roamed all over the Continent, living in cheap hotels and pensions while Stead kept on writing with enthusiastic diligence, and in 1953 they finally came to rest in the London suburb of Surbiton. After William Blake's death in the late 1960s, Stead briefly visited Australia—for the first time in 40 years. Within a few years, by then old and weary, she went back home for good. She died in 1983, at the age of 80.

For a number of years before her death, the thick dust of neglect that shrouded Christina Stead's name for so long had begun to lift. Many of her books have been in print for some time, owing in part to the indefatigable salvage work of the feminist Virago Press in England. Clearly the feminist rediscovery of forgotten women writers was an important factor in the revival of interest in her work, though she herself was brusquely dismissive of women's lib. She told an interviewer in 1973 that it was "nonsense . . . a waste of time. . . . It's totally, purely middle class." And she added, with pungent Australian forthrightness, "What put me off is throw away their bra [sic]. What would I do without a bra, I should like to know?"

Now that her unfortunate literary fate has to some extent been redressed, Stead's publisher has paid her the customary posthumous homage with *Ocean of Story*, a ragbag gathering of previously uncollected short stories, false starts on several novels, sketches of boarding-house life in England and Switzerland, a brief memoir of her father, and some rather disjointed reflections on the literary life. Like many such collections, this volume adds no luster to the writer's fame. One can only wonder what purpose is served by publishing such decidedly minor and fragmentary literary remains, since there is hardly anything in *Ocean of Story* that enhances one's understanding or appreciation of Christina Stead's work as a whole. Particularly in her case, it seems almost perverse to put these shreds and patches between covers, for her characteristic canvas, at its best, was huge, unconfined, profuse in detail. She was a writer whose very essence was excess.

Christina Stead was constitutionally incapable of brevity, of self-restraint, of discriminative spareness of any kind. She consumed words with the prodigality of a Dostoyevskian gambler hurling every coin he has at the croupier. Individual character was the absorbing passion in everything she wrote, and she pursued its sinuous and treacherous complexities with untamable confidence and sprawling vitality. In *The Man Who Loved Children*, there is a typically over-

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powering passage in which she describes the loathing that engorges Henny Pollit, a mother driven over the edge by a house too full of children, chaos, and poverty:

> Every room was a phial of revelation to be poured out some feverish night in the secret laboratories of her decisions, full of living cancers of insults, leprosies of disillusion, abscesses of grudge, gangrene of nevermore, quintan fevers of divorce, and all the proliferating miseries, the running sores and thick scabs, for which the flesh of marriage is so heavily veiled and conventually interned.

A writer capable of such demonic torrents is only crippled by the bounds of a short story. Stead needed largeness and space for her obsessively charged language and vision, space as vast and uncontained as her native country. This was clear in the first book she published, *The Salzburg Tales*, at the age of 32. The writing is all brilliance and gusto, but one can feel her straining against the limitations of the form she chose, a Boccaccian chain of some 40 monologues drawn from European folklore and legend, as told by a haphazard assemblage of people who have come to Salzburg for the August festival. The tales themselves, though spun with the pyrotechnical bravura of a young virtuoso eager to show her stuff, are less interesting than the biting satiric portraits of the tellers—a pretentious Viennese conductor, a Scottish woman doctor, an Italian singer, a French journalist, and others. But only four years later, using her experiences in the Paris bank, Stead hit her stride in the first of her two major novels, *House of All Nations* (1938), an enormously long (almost 800 pages), savagely observed, headlong dive into the world of international finance.

STEAD TOOK the ironic title from the name of a famous Parisian brothel. In over a hundred chapters bursting with an avaricious mob of crooks, speculators, impostors, dreamers, and degenerates, she laid bare the poisonous nature of money-making on a grand scale in the Europe of the 1930s as it staggered toward economic breakdown and war. (The theme of decadent Europe sliding into the hellhole attracted many novelists in the 1930s, among them Robert Briffault, whose panoramic *Europa* was enormously popular in its time and is now totally forgotten.) Catching her gallery of scoundrels in a tightly woven net of stock quotations, grain options, exchange rates, bookkeeping manipulations, and legal skulduggery, she constructs her monstrous edifice of greed and corruption until, when it finally collapses, we are left not only with the stench of moral disgust toward this labyrinthine world of financial swindlers but with awe at her omnivorous mastery of exactly the way it all works. Stead could not let go until the absolute rottenness had been plumbed with merciless clarity. As one rogue in the story remarks, "There's no subject so rich in ideas as Money."

BUT MEMORY, as Stead demonstrated two years later (her fluency and speed were phenomenal), was even richer in literary possibility, more daunting and more fruitful than money. With the same copious, unrelenting intensity she had brought to the machinations of banking, Stead turned back to her adolescent years (transposed from Australia to Washington) in her saga of the Pollit family, awash in misery and tenderness as domestic war rages day and night within the walls of the shabby house.

The husband, Samuel Clemens Pollit, was based on Christina Stead's father, a naturalist and Fabian socialist who worked for the Australian Fisheries Service. Sam is a windbag idealist who "loves" children (with seven, he yearns for more) because he is an overgrown child himself. Full of exasperating Darwinian optimism about progress and the perfectibility of man, Sam is, like so many of Stead's autocrats of the ego, a geyser of self-satisfied cant, a chirping domestic tyrant who exploits his children under the guise of play. For Sam, the family romance is a jolly kindergarten and his bitter wife Henny the wicked witch threatening to devour them all. Coarse, mawkish, and cruel by turns, a Dickensian grotesque yet horribly believable, Sam is too complacent, too self-absorbed, too pleased with his inventive cuteness—he talks to his children in a language that is part baby talk, part Uncle Remus and Artemus Ward—to notice the extremity of his wife's despair.

Henny, as Randall Jarrell remarked in his lyrical introduction to the novel's reincarnation, is "the book's center of gravity, of tragic weight." The most haunting and fully realized of Christina Stead's many driven, unhappy women, Henny leaves an ineradicable scar in the mind. The spoiled favorite of a well-to-do father, she has become, after ten years of marriage, too many children, and never

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enough money, a ranting, slatternly hag worn out with drudgery and rage at the fate dealt her by her mortal enemy, her husband. Henny, Stead writes, "was beautifully, whole-heartedly vile: she asked no quarter and gave none to the foul world," and her screaming tirades ring with the stark universality of epic poetry as she gives voice to "the natural outlawry of women." Stead's novels are full of obsessive histrionic talkers, unstoppable monologuists borne on a tidal wave of words, but Henny is the most incessantly complex of them all, as heartbreaking as she is terrible. Only death can silence her.

NONE OF the novels that Stead wrote after this profoundly original triumph of imagination and memory has anything of the turbulent life, the harrowing inexorability and fateful reality of *The Man Who Loved Children*. In trying to explain this, Jarrell argued that the failure of the Pollit novel, both with critics and with the reading public, led Christina Stead to "unconsciously work in a more limited way in the books that follow[ed] it." The world's incomprehension, he felt, had stunted the genius that flowered in *The Man Who Loved Children*. He may be right, though it is not a simple matter to know why a writer's work declines, loses some vital strength and conviction, after a great achievement.

Nonetheless, Stead was the kind of exuberantly natural writer who couldn't stop putting one word after another. She wrote eight books after 1940, nine if one counts the unpublished *I'm Dying Laughing*, an American novel about the McCarthy years that she worked at off and on for decades. (One chapter, "UNO 1945," is included in *Ocean of Story*, and while it has one of her gloriously vituperative husband-and-wife battles, and some intriguing remarks about disillusioned radicals, the piece, torn out of context, yields very little as it stands, in part because her point of view is unclear.) Though the novels that followed her finest book are now and then enlivened by her shrewd intelligence and harsh wit, by her earthy candor about sex (in a much more inhibited literary climate than our own), by her unique way of seeing and defining her characters, such novels as *Letty Fox: Her Luck*, *A Little Tea, A Little Chat*, and *The People with the Dogs* can be repetitious and tedious, marred by unexpectedly flaccid and mechanical prose, as though her burning way with words was beginning to run out of steam. Even the most ambitious of her later novels, *Cotter's England* (1966), unfathomably renamed *Dark Places in the Heart* in America, is too unrelievedly single-minded in its relentless portrayal of the heroine, a destructive left-wing journalist in postwar Britain. The subtle authenticities that she endowed with such life, affection, and fierce truth in *The Man Who Loved Children* for some reason eluded her grasp in the work that came after.

And still the question nags, and will do so as long as Christina Stead is remembered: How could that brilliant novel have fallen between the cracks when it first appeared? Ironically, some of Stead's communist friends in New York may have been partly responsible for its neglect. Isidor Schneider, the culture commissar of *The New Masses* in the 1930s and '40s, meant to praise the book and buried it when he hailed *The Man Who Loved Children* as "a novelization of Engels' *Origin of the Family*." A surer way of killing all interest in a literary work is hard to imagine. But for Schneider a novel's value lay only in its ability to raise the consciousness of the working class.

Despite her involvement in communist politics, Stead was never tempted to write such dreary sagas of revolutionary uplift as Clara Weatherwax's *Marching! Marching!* and other politically "correct" socialist realist works of the '30s. Stead was entirely too independent a spirit, always her own woman, and she remained impatient with cultural fashion to the end of her days. Yet the Marxist claim on her was incredibly persistent. As late as 1965, José Yglesias insisted in the *Nation* that the Pollit novel was primarily an attack on the bourgeois family, "that soul-destroying monster." The reason for her neglect, he wrote, was political: "It is Stead's Marxist point of view which has delayed her recognition.... Marxist ideas [are] inseparable from Stead's literary vision." With such friends, Stead didn't need enemies.

As for *Ocean of Story*, whose publication once again prompts interest in Christina Stead—forget it. Go back and read the novel that earns this remarkable writer a permanent place in the pantheon of literature. *The Man Who Loved Children* can be bought in a paperback edition published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston, and it costs $7.95.

PEARL K. BELL

Pearl K. Bell is a writer who lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

ARMS AND IDEAS

The Makers of Modern Strategy from Machiavelli to the Nuclear Age edited by Peter Paret with Gordon A. Craig and Felix Gilbert

(Princeton University Press, 941 pp., $45, $12.95 paper)

In the nuclear age, two contradictory beliefs influence the way military historians and strategists think about the relationship of the present to the past. The first is best expressed by Santayana's often cited maxim that he who ignores the past is condemned to repeat it. The second belief is the opposite—that nuclear weapons have so transformed the world that pre-Hiroshima military history is irrelevant or even dangerously misleading.

Such a tension did not exist prior to 1945. When Princeton professor Edward Mead Earle and his colleagues produced the classic 1943 collection of essays, *The Makers of Modern Strategy from Machiavelli to Hitler*, it was simply inconceivable to divorce strategic analysis from historical study. Indeed, with the United States engaged in a global war and emerging as the foremost military power of modern times, it was considered imperative that Americans study the history of military strategy. The authors of the book, many of whom were scholars serving in temporary wartime government service, wrote with a sense of urgency—and as Earle put it in his introduction, "in the conviction that a knowledge of the best military thought will enable Anglo-

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Saxon readers to comprehend the causes of war and the fundamental principles which govern the conduct of war."

For the first generation of nuclear strategists, however, the new weapon appeared to create entirely new problems. The study of military history did not illuminate these problems, and earlier traditions of strategic thought provided little guidance about how to proceed beyond the nuclear divide. The feeling of writing in a strange new world was perhaps best exemplified by Thomas Schelling, one of the most influential of the American nuclear strategists, when he wrote in 1960 that "on strategic matters of which deterrence is an example, those who have tried to devise policies to meet urgent problems have had little or no help from an already existing body of theory, but have had to create their own as they went along." "There is no scientific literature on deterrence," Schelling complained, "that begins to compare with, say, the literature on inflation, Asiatic flu, elementary school reading and smog."

READERS OF *Makers of Modern Strategy from Machiavelli to the Nuclear Age* will not find theories on how to prevent war (or on how to win wars) that are at all comparable to contemporary knowledge of how to prevent disease, inflation, or pollution. But for those who do not expect such precise "scientific" solutions to complex political and military problems, the excellent historical essays of Peter Paret and his contributors are distinctly relevant to modern strategic affairs.

The almost entirely new version of the book (there are 22 new essays in the volume, and only seven reprinted or revised chapters from the 1943 edition) is strikingly successful largely because it expands the focus of strategic studies beyond that of the earlier volume. Earle and his colleagues examined somewhat narrowly the *makers* of modern strategy: the great commanders (Frederick the Great, Napoleon, Lord Nelson) and the prominent military theorists (Jomini, Clausewitz, Mahan) whose writings exposed the "secrets" of these soldiers' success. Paret and his colleagues, in contrast, place increased emphasis on the *making* of military strategy. How have soldiers and civilians planned to use military power effectively to achieve political objectives? What impact has strategic thought had on the actual conduct of war, and on the subsequent periods of peace? These questions, about the politi-

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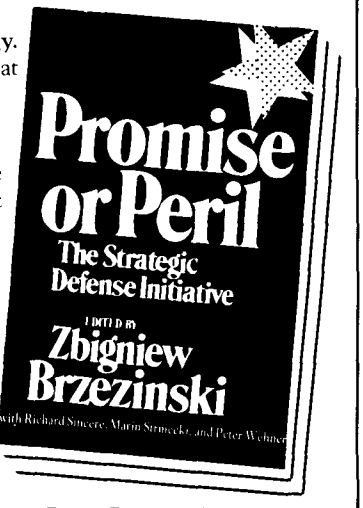

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gal and social ideas and structures that have influenced the development of military thought, are the kind that can illuminate enduring problems of strategy. While an awareness of 18th-century debates over whether infantry should attack in lines or in columns will not tell us much about whether the Midgetman should be MIRVed or SDI pursued, an understanding of the evolution of military thought, of the uses and abuses to which it has been put, can help modern soldiers and civilians avoid the mistakes of their predecessors.

TWO individuals are pre-eminent in the early development of strategic thought—the Swiss strategist Antoine-Henri Jomini and the Prussian officer Carl von Clausewitz. The impact of these rival interpreters of Napoleonic warfare on the development of modern strategy was profound. Clausewitz's name is of course well-known; *On War*, his unfinished masterpiece, is perhaps more widely read today than at any time since its publication in 1832. In contrast, the voluminous writings of the Baron Jomini—including his major works, *The Art of War* and *Treatise on Grand Military Operations*—have sunk into obscurity. Yet, as the superb essays on Jomini and Clausewitz by John Shy and Peter Paret make clear, it was Jomini whose influence was predominant among military officers in the 19th and early-20th century. Jomini's books, not Clausewitz's, were carried in the saddlebags of Civil War generals. It was Jomini's glorification of offensive military operations, not Clausewitz's more balanced argument that the defense was easier, that underlay the offensive war plans of the European general staffs in the First World War.

The essays in *Makers of Modern Strategy* suggest, however, that Jomini also had a more subtle, and more long-lasting, deleterious impact on modern strategic studies. For it was Jomini who began what became a persistent tendency to seek eternal "principles of war" in the decisions of great commanders. While working as a banker in Paris in the 1790s, young Jomini studied the wars of Frederick the Great and Napoleon's Italian campaigns, and discovered what he called "the key to all the science of war." The essential strategy that brought victory to both Frederick and Napoleon, according to Jomini, was the use of interior lines of maneuver to enable superior offensive forces to attack weaker enemy defenders at a decisive point. Jomini's readers were told again and again that victory could be assured only if they mimicked Napoleon's massive offensive assaults, following the "principle of initiative" and the "principle of concentration." Numerous military writers of the period followed Jomini's general method of analysis, and memorizing the "eternal principles of war" became the dominant form of education in military history throughout the 19th century.

A NUMBER OF contributors to this volume, however, suggest a persistent danger in the belief in the universality of such principles; they may discourage serious analysis of specific conditions, with the result that useful guidelines are applied in inappropriate circumstances. For example, Philip Crowl's essay emphasizes the influence that Jomini's theories had on Alfred Thayer Mahan, the pre-World War I evangelist of American sea power. Through Mahan's popular books and lectures at the Naval War College, a whole generation of naval officers was trained to follow the maxim, "Never divide the fleet." Yet, as the postwar American strategist Bernard Brodie pointed out, "unreasoning devotion" to this principle could contribute to military disaster, as when it led Admiral "Bull" Halsey to concentrate his whole force against one-half of the inferior Japanese fleet in the battle of Leyte Gulf in 1944, leaving a second Japanese naval force free to attack the Americans landing on the Philippines.

The essay on revolutionary war by John Shy and Thomas Collier provides a second example of disastrous application of an unbending strategic principle: Ché Guevara's revolutionary doctrine of "focoism." Generalizing from the particular circumstances of Castro's success against the widely despised Batista regime, Guevara argued that spectacular acts of violence by small bands of revolutionaries ("foco" acts) would catalyze the peasants and proletariat of Latin America to revolt. But Guevara learned in the jungles of Bolivia, and others discovered elsewhere in South America, that "focoism" brought effective repression and counterattacks when attempted against governments that were more popular and more competent than Batista's.

The history of American nuclear doctrine provides a final strategic example of rules reigning over reason. (Fortunately it is confined to deterrence theory and war planning, not to war waging.) In the mid-1960s, influenced by Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara's nuclear declaratory policy, many American strategists argued that a policy of maintaining a Mutually Assured Destruction (MAD) capability (defined as the ability to destroy 20 to 25 percent of the enemy's population and 50 percent of its industrial capacity) while refraining from building forces that threaten the enemy's nuclear weapons (counterforce weapons) would end the arms race and ensure nuclear stability. Extreme MADvocates, however, tended to downplay the significance of Soviet military writings, which emphasized counterforce weapons and pre-emptive strategies, and for many years U.S. intelligence agencies underestimated the growth of the Soviet nuclear arsenal. One can see more than a hint of the Jominian tradition in the penchant for entirely abstract analysis, for the quantification of deterrent requirements and "principles of stability," and in the inadequate attention given to Soviet nuclear doctrine, which are characteristic of much of the American deterrence theory literature.

MAKERS OF MODERN STRATEGY demonstrates that the continuing impact of Clausewitz's ideas is as constructive as Jomini's influence was pernicious. The scholarly Prussian soldier did not seek to promulgate specific military doctrines, rules, or principles of action. He sought, rather, to illuminate the multifaceted nature of war, and thus to strengthen and to refine the judgment of his readers. As John Shy emphasizes, the contrast in temperaments between the two interpreters of Napoleon could not be more pronounced. Jomini viewed war in heroic terms, always being shaped by the masterful commander. Clausewitz saw war in tragic terms, always threatening to escape human control.

The formative experience for Clausewitz stands in sharp contrast to Jomini's revelation while reading the histories of Napoleon's campaigns. As a young infantry ensign in the 1793 campaign against revolutionary France, Clausewitz gained a lasting appreciation of the contrast between the confusion and killing of real war and the rococo drills and textbook exercises the Prussian military practiced in peacetime. He used the term "friction" to describe the factors that "distinguish real war from war on paper." Errors and accidents, technical problems, psychological and physical fatigue, logistical delays, even unexpected weather could make the military "machine" fail to work according to plan. Considerable initiative and flexibility

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were required to overcome such friction, and under the influence of Clausewitz, the Prussian general staff developed the practice of *Auftragstaktik*, the policy of issuing military directives stating only the overall intentions of the high command, while leaving it to subordinate commanders to issue specific operational orders.

YET CLAUSEWITZ was as concerned with maintaining overall political control over military operations as he was with ensuring flexibility and enterprise in the lower ranks. Having fought against the French throughout the tumultuous Napoleonic wars, he was acutely aware of how easily violence moved beyond the political control of senior leadership. Military strategy isn't like engineering, Clausewitz often reminded his readers. If an engineer builds a bridge, he can generally assume that the river will stay put. Strategic decisions, however, must always be made with the knowledge that one's adversary will react to one's decisions, will seek to overcome them. Because each army strives for victory in the fog of battle, there is a natural tendency for war to escalate. Unless political authorities control the campaign carefully, the political objectives of war can be forgotten as "military necessity" comes to reign. Thus Clausewitz's oft-quoted statement that "war is a continuation of politics by other means" underlined his view that the military should always serve rational political objectives, not obliterate them. It is this twin concern, for military flexibility and primary political control, that enables Clausewitz to bridge the distance of both the industrial and nuclear revolutions and address central dilemmas of modern strategy.

One of Gordon A. Craig's chapters in *Makers of Modern Strategy*, "The Political Leader as Strategist," directly examines this Clausewitzian problem. How should political authorities guide military objectives and decisions without usurping the details of operational decisions that require the expertise of the professional military and the "on-the-spot" knowledge of the local commander? Traditionally, the military's preferred delineation of responsibility is that politicians should provide general guidance, not meddle in actual strategic planning. Although civilian authorities should determine whether to go to war, as General von Moltke put it, "The politician should fall silent the moment that mobilization begins." This view is fraught with danger. It incorrectly assumes that military planning in peacetime cannot influence the likelihood of war, and that political objectives should not continue to influence the conduct of war once the fighting begins.

Craig's survey of the European political leadership during the First World War gives good marks only to Clemenceau, who had the political skill to rally French parliamentary support behind his decisions and acquired the assertiveness and expertise to speak with authority to the military on operational questions. In Berlin, by contrast, Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg's lack of knowledge of German war plans crippled his capability to control the July 1914 crisis by slowing down German military mobilization. Bethmann's lack of both self-confidence and technical expertise allowed him to be persuaded by the German navy, against his better judgment, that unrestricted submarine warfare would bring a rapid German victory, despite the new risk of America entering the war. The English wartime prime ministers, Asquith and Lloyd George, suffered similar fates. They rarely understood precisely what was happening on the battlefield, and they were afraid to voice opposition to the generals' bloody offensive assaults. Thus, after the ill-fated venture in Gallipoli, the British political leadership largely ignored its responsibility to examine strategic alternatives to the costly trench warfare on the western front and concentrated on supplying men and matériel for the slaughter.

AS CRAIG emphasizes, however, the European political leadership during the Second World War, in part because of this experience in the 1914-18 conflict, kept the reins of strategic control more firmly in its own hands. Yet both Churchill and Hitler, with their deep distrust of professional military judgments, displayed a tendency to issue excessively detailed military orders, superseding the authority of commanders in the field and making critical operations decisions far removed from the battlefield. Such severe centralization prevented a repetition of the World War I phenomenon of military commanders determining the nature and scope of the war, but it also produced political decisions based on inadequate military intelligence or rash judgment. Throughout the Barbarossa campaign Hitler nervously vacillated, issuing contradictory and unrealistic operational orders for the German army to concentrate

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on capturing Leningrad, then Moscow, then Stalingrad. As General Halder noted in his diary, "This so-called leadership is characterized by a pathological reacting to the impressions of the moment." Churchill also showed a tendency to deluge his commanders with detailed orders and directives and to distrust the strategic advice of military authorities. His impetuous decision to intervene in Greece in March 1941, having given little thought to the military costs or likelihood of success, was not the prime minister's finest hour.

If Churchill occasionally gave too little authority to his military commanders, Roosevelt displayed the opposite fault, especially toward the end of the war. As Maurice Matloff notes in his chapter on Allied strategy in Europe, Roosevelt failed to provide adequate political guidance for the military campaign after D-day. General Eisenhower fell heir to political decision making by default. Since there was no strict *military* requirement for American troops to reach Berlin or Prague before the Russians, no effort was made to beat Soviet forces in a race to take those cities. Stalin was permitted to draw the boundary lines of the postwar world as far west as his tanks could roll because Roosevelt allowed military rather than political objectives to guide Eisenhower's campaign.

THE CONCLUDING chapters of *Makers of Modern Strategy* provide ample testimony to the continued difficulty of balancing the Clausewitzian requirements for military flexibility and initiative with central political control. Modern communications enable senior authorities to oversee distant military operations to an unprecedented degree, and the danger of nuclear war clearly justifies all efforts to maintain strict central control over the use of such weapons. Yet, as Felix Gilbert and Gordon Craig emphasize in the book's summary chapter, each superpower has created huge civilian and military bureaucracies to build nuclear forces, maintain them in peacetime, plan for their use in war, and increase their readiness in crises. No central political authority can control every detailed activity of such large and complex organizations. Complete "micromanagement" will produce paralysis. Insufficient policy guidance will ensure that military and civilian bureaucracies will pursue their own interests, not the national interest. How to provide sufficient "topdown" guidance remains a critical dilemma for both senior soldiers and statesmen.

Finally, in an age in which technology and strategy are so intertwined, there is a strong temptation to think mechanically about strategic problems. Clausewitz's warning to 19th-century officers never to forget that the adversary will react to your strategy should serve as a reminder of just how limited that view is and as a goad to asking the right, far-reaching questions. Nowhere is mechanistic thinking more of a problem than in the strategic defense initiative. Some studies of SDI measure potential Star Wars capability against current Soviet missile technology, and it is sometimes claimed that a nation that can land a man on the moon should be able to build effective strategic defenses against ballistic missiles. But the moon didn't fight back. The Russians will.

SCOTT D. SAGAN

Scott D. Sagan is a lecturer in the government department at Harvard University.

SPY VS. SPY

The FBI-KGB War: A Special Agent's Story by Robert J. Lamphere and Tom Shachtman

(Random House, 320 pp., $18.95)

Students of the cold war, of McCarthyism, and of Soviet espionage have long awaited Robert J. Lamphere's book. As the FBI's head of counterintelligence and its chief agent in charge of cryptanalysis, Lamphere presided over some of the key espionage cases of the postwar era, including those of Judith Coplon, Harry Gold, Klaus Fuchs, and the Rosenbergs. Circumstance made him, moreover, the FBI liaison with Kim Philby, who was in the United States as representative of the British MI-6.

Lamphere's interesting and highly readable story (put together by Tom Shachtman) forces us to confront the stereotypical image of the FBI held by so many liberals, the image of an agency concerned only with carrying out witch-hunts and retribution against political dissenters. For example, one of the striking aspects of Lamphere's narrative is his utter disdain for McCarthy, whose crusade, Lamphere writes, "was always anathema to me." Lamphere understood that the senator's scatter-gun and wild charges not only "hurt the anti-Communist cause" but worked to turn "many liberals against legitimate efforts to curtail Communist activities in the United States." McCarthy's "star chamber proceedings," as Lamphere puts it, "his lies and overstatements hurt our counterintelligence efforts." Nor, during the Rosenberg case, did Lamphere appreciate the prosecutorial work of McCarthy's future counsel, Roy Cohn. He blames Cohn for forcing the hand of scientist William Perl, whose chances of cooperating with the bureau disappeared when Cohn threatened him with prosecution. The FBI, he says, "viewed all of Cohn's work with some suspicion."

Indeed, readers of Lamphere's book will notice his own begrudging, but nevertheless clear, criticism of the stiffness and rigidity with which J. Edgar Hoover ran his shop. Even a supporter of Hoover's agency like Lamphere cannot help but describe some of Hoover's brutal and dictatorial behavior, his unnecessary sharpness with his own staff, his demand of total loyalty that eventually led even Lamphere to quit the bureau. Only once does Lamphere slip into a crude anti-communism, when he asserts that he saw as the bureau's job "the need to protect the United States from the ideologies of the right and the left." Here Lamphere seems to confuse the task of protecting against threats to American national security with the evaluation of political and ideological viewpoints—which are, of course, guaranteed by the First Amendment. Similarly, Lamphere relates how Gerhart Eisler was ordered in Moscow to set up Communist "infiltration" of the newly formed CIO during the Great Depression. Lamphere is seemingly ignorant of the fact that as a

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major instrument in the CIO's creation, the Communist Party hardly had to infiltrate the industrial union movement.

THE AIM of Lamphere's book is to establish the continuity of KGB operations in the United States and to give evidence of the FBI's serious counterintelligence effort to penetrate their operations. In the process he provides new information on some of the key espionage cases of that era. His treatment of the case of Judith Coplon in particular is outstanding. Coplon had been arrested, tried, and convicted for stealing government documents from the Justice Department, where she was employed. She was arrested as she met her lover, V. Gubichev, while holding in her possession classified documents illegally removed from the Justice Department. She claimed she was having an affair with the Russian, and the material in her possession was to be used later for a novel she planned to write. Her conviction was reversed by a higher court on purely technical grounds, since the information obtained had been the result of an illegal wiretap used against her.

To many Coplon was an innocent leftist, hounded for her radical views, an easy setup for a concocted espionage charge. Lamphere provides two new pieces of information. He reveals that the attorney general was going to have Coplon dismissed from her job, and was not going to prosecute. But having uncovered her tie with Gubichev, Hoover urged that the government keep her in her job at Justice and then set a trap by which they could bust an ongoing Soviet network. What Lamphere did was plant at Justice "a memo that contained enough truth to make it seem important and enough false information to make it imperative for Coplon to grab it and quickly deliver it to her Soviet contact." The phony memo asserted that the FBI had placed an agent in Amtorg (a Soviet trade agency that regularly ran espionage operations) and that he was a valuable bureau source. Later another memo was planted referring to a geophone, a device that would measure atomic devices. When the arrest took place, Coplon had folded the paper into the size of a stamp, sealed it, and marked an arrow to indicate where to remove the tape. Also found was a message to Gubichev, summaries of an FBI report she had no time to copy, 30 FBI data slips with confidential information, and three sketches of potential KGB recruits.

Coplon was freed by a decision of Judge Learned Hand, who ruled that the agents had erred in arresting their subject without a warrant. Hence the contents found in her purse could not be used against her. Lamphere argues that Assistant Attorney General Peyton Ford had told them that if agents had probable cause to believe they were witnessing a felony, they could make an arrest that would hold up in court. But what the courts could not know, and what the FBI chose not to reveal, is that they were not led to Coplon from information gained by wiretaps. Lamphere reveals that the bureau knew of her existence from secret deciphered KGB codes that had alerted them to a Russian agent working in the Justice Department, whom they discovered to be Coplon. Had they revealed that at the time, the conviction could not have been reversed. But the bureau could not afford to let the Soviets know they had broken a highly valued KGB code.

The KGB codes also led the FBI to the Rosenberg spy network. Lamphere provides a new piece of evidence (of which I was unaware when writing *The Rosenberg File*). The original codes, he notes, contained the bit of information that led the bureau to open an investigation of an

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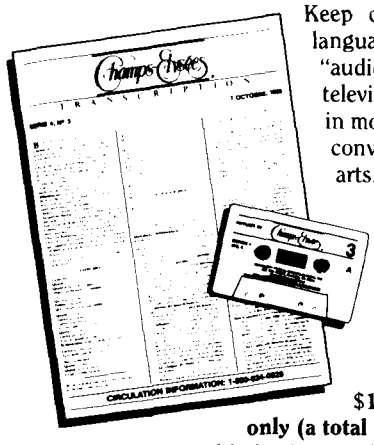

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"unknown subject," a woman who was seen as an intermediary between agents working on fission research for the KGB, one of whom they suspected was Joel Barr. Lamphere cites a newly released FBI file that reiterates a June 1948 letter from Lamphere, which refers to a woman, "Christian name, ETHEL, who used her husband's last name; had been married for five years . . . 29 years of age; member of the Communist Party USA, possibly joining in 1938; probably knew about her husband's work with the Soviets." Lamphere notes that they reached a "dead end" in trying to find out who this Ethel was. It was only when the other pieces were put together that he realized the code referred to Ethel Rosenberg.

Lamphere offers much of value in his reconstruction of how the KGB codes worked, how they were deciphered, and what they showed about previously unknown Soviet agents. Specifically, the codes led the bureau to agents Max Elitcher and Joel Barr. Lamphere recalls that in the spring of 1948 one message stated that an unknown Soviet operative (who turned out to be Julius Rosenberg)

> had approached a man named Max Elitcher and had requested that Elitcher provide information to him on his current work at the navy's Department of Ordnance. . . . It gave a date of the contact—June 1944. It provided a code name for Elitcher that would be used in all future messages. It said that Elitcher was married, had been known to his KGB contact.

Other KGB messages they deciphered revealed the names of Joel Barr, who had worked for a major defense contractor in 1944 and had transferred to Sperry Gyroscope. Investigation showed that both had been in the CCNY electrical engineering department, along with future Rosenberg co-defendant Morton Sobell and Julius Rosenberg himself.

The strength of Lamphere's book is its portrayal of the FBI's manner of constructing what was an espionage, not a civil liberties, case. Lamphere is understandably angry when he takes up the charges of critics that there was an FBI frame-up of the Rosenbergs. He writes:

> If there had been a frame-up perpetrated by the FBI, I would have had to be at the center of it.
>
> Let's look at what such a conspiracy would have required. First, we would have had to start out to "get" the Rosenbergs (whom we did not yet know) in 1948, when I first came across evidence that said that Joel Barr and Max Elitcher were both being recruited by the KGB. From that point on, any conspiracy against the Rosenbergs would have had to include almost every office of the FBI and every top bureau official, and it would have had to do so for many years—especially during the crucial spring and summer of 1950, when thousands of pages of reports and memoranda were being produced—right down to the present day.
>
> An FBI conspiracy would mean, for instance, that in 1950 we supervisors would have had to look into a crystal ball and see that 25 years later, in 1975, Congress would pass legislation that would enable the public to obtain copies of secret FBI files. It would mean that we would have had to "doctor" the evidence in dozens of matters. . . . We didn't doctor this evidence, nor did we make a conspiracy of our own to frame innocent idealists . . . the sheer, overwhelming bulk and sprawl of the files, as well as the occasional instances of FBI wrongheadedness revealed in them, make this point clear to any who take the time to sift through the evidence.

Lamphere is right. It is therefore all the more disturbing to find that he cannot accept those few instances in which FBI perfidy is clear. A key question in the Rosenberg case is the extent of Ethel's involvement. His own deciphered KGB code indicates only that Ethel may have known of her husband's involvement. It was only ten short days before the trial, after a year of interrogation, that David and Ruth Greenglass suddenly came up with a story that allowed the government to try Ethel: that she had typed material provided by David Greenglass to make it more legible for the Russians. As Joyce Milton and I argued in *The Rosenberg File*, the internal evidence, combined with our assessment of the interview the Greenglasses held with Sol Stern and myself in 1981, suggests that Ethel Rosenberg most probably did not type any material, that the story of her typing was concocted by David Greenglass, who was cooperating with the government. Greenglass understood that without the allegation of a substantive offense, Ethel could not be brought to trial; and unless Ethel could be brought to trial, the government might renege on its promise not to indict his wife.

Still, Lamphere strains to explain the sudden last-minute change in Greenglass's pre-trial interrogation. Lamphere writes that "the explanation is simple rather than sinister." Refreshing their memories as the trial approached, he claims, David and Ruth Greenglass found "more details in their minds than had previously surfaced." What Lamphere fails to note is that this change in their story is virtually the only inconsistency in their hours of interrogation. It cannot be glibly accepted as a detail that they suddenly happened to recall a week before the trial. And that single sentence is all of his explanation for one of the great injustices of the case. It is a grave failing, particularly in light of the fact that all the FBI's files concern only Julius's involvement in espionage (though Ethel most likely knew of his involvement).

ANOTHER KEY area of controversy in the case is the credibility of the secret testimony given to the bureau by the secret FBI informer Jerome E. Tartakow. The believers in the Rosenbergs' innocence have concentrated their attacks on those, like Milton and myself, who put any stock at all in Tartakow's account, arguing that the bureau itself did not trust him. Lamphere confirms that initially the bureau had only skepticism for Tartakow's story. He notes that when Tartakow's reports on Julius Ro-

CUTTING

Vegetables can care for themselves. I grieve
for fruit, the way the sweet juice comes
in floods at one cut, tender globes
in my hand, defenseless. Onions
should teach plums and grapes how to surrender
to the knife with minimal bleeding, how
to sting the cutter's eyes as they go.

When I chop carrots they make the blade
snack against the board, they leap
and meet the end with bravado. Cantaloupe
wears more armor, but inside!
The same wet, foolish offering. I don't
return the split nectarines' smiles.
I beg the bananas to fight.

Even steamed, vegetables keep their composure,
silent, while the butchered fruits in the bowl
stammer apologies and devotion.
Their loud colors leak into each other,
the cut pieces laugh at their own funeral,
they know my name, their hundreds of voices
babble gratitude and pull me closer
without anger, hideous, half-alive.

SUZANNE GARDINIER

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senberg's prison conversations were first brought to his attention, "I told everyone involved in the Rosenberg case he was not to be trusted." But when the informer told him that Julius had bragged that one of his spy rings had operated in New York, and was "headed by a man who was now in Europe" and whose mother had recently been interviewed by the FBI, Lamphere immediately knew that Tartakow could only have received the information from Julius.

Rosenberg, he explains, was telling Tartakow about Joel Barr, and that "information was something Tartakow could not have known independently, as the investigation of Joel Barr had not yet been made public." The Rosenbergs' defenders now claim that Tartakow had been handing back information told him by the bureau to the bureau. The suggestion is really preposterous. Why would the bureau, judging Tartakow to be untrustworthy, spend hundreds of hours feeding him information that he would then spoon-feed right back to the bureau, and that it would then stuff back into its secret files? Tartakow, moreover. made it clear he would never publicly testify against Rosenberg with any material he had provided, and the bureau promised him he would not have to be a corroborating witness.

HOW DID Rosenberg know the bureau had interviewed Barr's mother? Lamphere explains that

> some members of Joel Barr's family had had dinner with Vivian Glassman [a former fiancée of Barr and a suspect in the case], and must have told her about the FBI's inquiry—information Glassman had almost certainly passed along to Emanuel Bloch, attorney for the Rosenbergs. Bloch had told Julius, who had then confided in Tartakow.

When the bureau got a story from the informer that related some of their own activities, they realized he was telling the truth.

Lamphere adds that he still warily viewed Tartakow as a simple "con man," and that a single shred of evidence did not convince him that Tartakow was a credible informant. But other conversations convinced Lamphere of Tartakow's bona fides. Most striking was when Tartakow passed on the story that Rosenberg was concerned because a woman had gone "to a distant city to bring funds to a man who was hiding there, but for some reason the funds were returned." Lamphere notes that this "was a detail about Vivian Glassman's trip to see William Perl that Tartakow could not otherwise have learned."

Lamphere also sheds some new light on the famed Cohen-Kroger case, which involved an American couple, the Cohens, who mysteriously disappeared right after David Greenglass's arrest, only to be caught red-handed engaging in espionage years later in Britain, where they had taken the name of a deceased Australian couple, the Krogers. A link with the Rosenbergs has always been hinted at, and Lamphere speculates that there was more than a link. He adduces a secret KGB message asking that Colonel Rudolph Abel get money to Morton Sobell's wife, Helen Sobell—"documentary proof that the KGB had been interested in providing Helen Sobell with money." Lamphere suggests that Abel's principal role in the United States might "have been connected with the Rosenberg case."

The connection between the Rosenbergs and the Cohens, he thinks, goes beyond their disappearance after Greenglass's arrest. Anatoli Yakovlev, Rosenberg's KGB controller, left the United States in 1948, and Rosenberg had to report to someone else. Abel arrived in the United States that same year, he points out, "and there was a strong possibility that Rosenberg was controlled by Abel—and that the Cohens had been used as 'cut-outs' so that Julius Rosenberg would never be able to identify the man who was directing his network's activities." The speculation is an informed one; its validity will probably depend on whether the Cohens, who have lived in Poland ever since they were traded for British spies, ever provide a frank account about their life in Soviet espionage.

Lamphere regretfully notes those who escaped the net. He suspects one Joseph Katz, a Communist whom Elizabeth Bentley had named as a major KGB agent, for whom he concocted a movie-style setup and kidnapping at sea, in the hopes that Katz would talk about his role in Soviet espionage. The FBI bungled the plan. Years later, in retirement, Lamphere phoned Katz when he was back visiting family and asked if he would tell his story. "I should write a book," Katz told him. Lamphere also expresses hope that Joel Barr will return to this country from his perch within the Soviet scientific establishment and explain his involvement (and that of his co-worker, Alfred Sarant) in the Rosenberg case.

Some may argue that since all of these

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accused were never arrested, Lamphere's charges are part of a new witch-hunt. But Lamphere shows that there is a difference between legal guilt and actual guilt; Coplon, for example, was found innocent due to a technical reading of the law. Her guilt, however, is a fact. Two juries indeed found her guilty. Lamphere is a model of the consummate professional—serious, even-handed, and dedicated. He is hardly an overzealous and careless hunter of Reds. And his book is an eye-opener. He has laid bare the antecedents of today's spy cases and showed something of the scope and the strength of Soviet espionage. Those who doubt that the KGB has been active in the United States for decades will learn something of this uncomfortable truth from Lamphere.

RONALD RADOSH

Ronald Radosh is co-author of *The Rosenberg File: A Search for the Truth* (Henry Holt).

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TRB, *from page 4*

Larry Speakes on this delicate conundrum: "We believe the American people, under voluntary testing, would certainly want to, in many cases, step forward. And those who don't, as in some cases, and are obviously on drugs, would certainly find a certain amount of peer pressure particularly as we make progress in the area of cleaning up the workplace." Pretty comforting, eh?

Speakes's reference to "cleaning up the workplace" points to another insidious aspect of this drug-testing fever: the use of employers to enforce social mores. A treasured difference between an American-style free-market capitalist society and a Mussoliniesque or Japanese-style corporate state is separation of the economic and personal spheres. In America, a job is just a job, and how you lead your life is none of your boss's business if you're doing your job well.

A properly administered drug test must be supervised to prevent cheating. Thus it becomes a classic humiliation ritual: urinating on command in front of a watchful agent of your employer or the government. A free people ought to have an awfully good reason before subjecting themselves to this.

Sure, some jobs offer reason enough. There is a widespread and easy consensus that there's nothing wrong with drug testing for air traffic controllers, people with high-level security clearances, and so on. But this is a solution in search of a problem. I'm aware of no evidence of widespread drug use among air traffic controllers or CIA agents. The demand for drug testing of people in "high-risk" jobs is really a response to a more generalized need to do *something*—anything—about drugs. It's part of the effort to put the country in "the right spirit."

That's why the search for excuses to test for drugs is becoming comical. In Hawkins, Texas, high school students must fill a jar before they're permitted to join in extracurricular activities such as the student council and the cheerleading squad.

Conservatives are supposed to believe that society is healthiest when authority is diffuse. Central government power should be minimal. Social control should spring from smaller social units between the state and the individual—most especially, the family. But in the rush to exploit the great drug hysteria, it seems that top-down authority is back in and parental authority is out.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

THE RENTER'S TALE

To the editors:

Is rent control bad public policy, as suggested in TNR ("The Landlord's Tale," July 7)? An affordable housing crisis exists. According to the 1984 Housing Survey, 35 percent of New York City's renters spend more than 40 percent of their income on rent. Median annual income of renters is under $13,000. Without rent regulation these tenants would be subject to increasingly unaffordable rent hikes.

In New Jersey over 100 communities have rent control. For over a decade, it has been providing landlords with a fair profit to maintain their buildings and tenants with fair protections from displacement. Studies found that rent control has not had any adverse impact on new construction, housing maintenance, or property taxes. Because of rent control laws, rents have remained bearable for the vast majority of New Jersey tenants.

Under most rent control ordinances, maintenance and capital improvement costs are passed along to tenants, and tenants are permitted to seek rent reductions where services are reduced. As a result, in some communities more money has been spent by landlords on maintaining and improving housing.

For decades, the housing market has veered between excess supply and demand. When there is an excess housing demand, traders enjoy large profits ending in quick speculation schemes; with excess supply, expenses outpace income and operators are forced to disinvest. By maintaining income and expenses in a predictable way, rent control has staved off forces that lead to speculation or disinvestment.

Finally, a word about poor Ms. Wang—another New York City landlord suffering under rent control. Somehow she overcame all the bureaucratic hassles and *evicted* her low-rent paying tenants and now rents her units for a mere $1,000 a month (making them unaffordable to any family earning under $48,000 a year). Here is a landlord who's only motivation for investing in rental property was to "beautify New York." If TNR can believe this, I have this bridge in Brooklyn. I was thinking of renting it at a really good price.

JOHN D. ATLAS
President, National Housing Institute
Orange, New Jersey

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Only Connect

TNR'S SLEAZEBUSTERS are thrilled about the recent developments in Deavergate. Former White House aide Michael Deaver turns out to be more than a state-of-the-art sleazeball. He is an oxymoron whose time has come in the Reagan era: an entrepreneurial parasite. His zeal is now legendary, thanks to the memo produced by the House subcommittee investigating his lobbying activities. Evidence suggests that Deaver ignored then-White House counsel Fred Fielding's warnings to avoid dealing with White House officials. He also appears to have paid no attention last spring when the congressional panel asked questions about his contacts with various officials. He didn't bother to mention numerous exchanges, and now stands accused of perjury. So it comes as a surprise to discover that in one of those unmentioned exchanges, Deaver seems to have been following, rather than flouting, advice. He met with U.S. Ambassador to West Germany Richard R. Burt to discuss a contract to publicize the 750th anniversary of the city of Berlin. Sounds like vintage Deaver: the man who orchestrated the Bitburg disaster charging back onto sensitive soil. Wrong, this one was Burt's brainchild. He apparently invited Deaver to submit a contract, paid his airfare to Germany out of U.S. Embassy funds, put him up at the ambassadorial residence, discussed the contract with him, and then passed it on to Berlin officials. Shouldn't Burt, who apparently also helped other U.S. firms submit contracts, have known better? The conflicts of interest were hardly inconspicuous: aside from Deaver's Bitburg involvement, he helped pick Burt as ambassador, and he also got Gahl Hodges (now Burt's wife) a job as Mrs. Reagan's social secretary. Of course Deaver should have declined all the overtures anyway. But it is a reminder that for every influence-peddler, there's an influence-peddlee—who in this case seemed to be peddling pretty furiously himself.

AT PRESIDENT REAGAN'S press conference last week he introduced a twist to the blame-Washington-first credo that could be a dangerous precedent. Justifying his $50 million sop to the farmers (in the form of subsidized grain sales to the Soviets), Mr. Reagan explained the intrusion of the generous hand of government this way: "We're trying to help in a situation that I believe was originally created by the federal government. When the federal government back in the days of the Depression started invading the farm community and with all its various programs, it has brought on most of the problems that bother the farmers today." Substitute "Great Society" for Depression and "poor people" for farmers, and that same statement sums up the administration's view of the destructive effects of welfare. But can you imagine the president calling a press conference to announce a handout for the inner cities—and then boasting, as he did about agriculture, that "no area of the budget, including defense, has grown as fast as our support" for the poor?

ADMITTEDLY, you can never tell just what the president will come up with. At the press conference, explaining his opposition to sanctions on South Africa, Reagan started mumbling about a mysterious black ally, allegedly the leader of four and a half million Christians: "There are religious leaders, another one, another bishop you never hear of him, I don't know whether I pronounce his name right, but it's, I think, Moreno or Monorem. I'm going to have to find out how they, what sounds they attach to some of their combinations of letters." Well, Reagan was way off on the sounds. But the press itself seemed to have some trouble tracking down the right combination of letters. The *Washington Post* suggested that the man the president had in mind is Bishop Isaac Mokoena. According to a story in the *Wall Street Journal*, he's Bishop Isaac Makaone. The confusion appears to transcend dyslexia. The bishop's church is also a matter of debate: he belongs to the Independent Christian Church, the Black Independent Church, or the Reformed Independent Churches Association, depending on which newspaper you read. Who is the Reverend M.'s lobbyist, anyway? Clearly someone with great political access, awful press contacts, and terrible enunciation.

THE SPECTACLE of an anti-government government at work is among Washington's best entertainments. The latest issue of *Management*, a scintillating magazine published quarterly by the U.S. Office of Personnel Management, is devoted to "privatization." It's a study in schizophrenia (TNR's symptoms pale by comparison). On *Management*'s "Nitty Gritty" page, the editors sound like humorless, hide-bound bureaucrats: "NBC's 'St. Elsewhere' deserves a thumbs down for a recent rap on public employees. 'What do you call 500 bureaucrats on the bottom of the Potomac River?' cracks a disgruntled character. Answer: 'A start.'" But the rest of the magazine conveys great eagerness to push overboard as many public employees as possible. ("Return the U.S. Postal Service to sender," urges one article. "RIFed but not miffed," testifies one victim of a reduction-in-force order.) Ms. Management, who writes an advice column, minces no words about the abysmal state of civil servants. A federal manager wants to know: How can I make a surly employee in the agency cafeteria shape up? It's hopeless, Ms. M. writes back, and then goes into raptures over private-sector chow lines: "We recall delightful visits to Sholl's in Washington, Wyatts in the South, Luby's in the Southwest—ah, our memories."

MEANWHILE, the Soviets seem to have dreamed up an unusually subtle assault on the private sphere. Radio Moscow recently announced with some excitement that the Leningrad City Soviet is starting a computerized dating service. The procedure seems to work much the way it does here. Every participant will fill out a form, listing personal details and sketching an ideal "lifetime partner"—except the Soviet singles will list their vital statistics and confess their heart's desire under the watchful eye of a psychologist. Then they will sign a pledge to keep all information confidential. A great way to date? Somehow in the Soviet Union even the most innocent networking enterprise can't help seeming sinister. This sounds more like an inspired way to collect data—on the most potentially dangerous social elements: lonely souls.

A.H.

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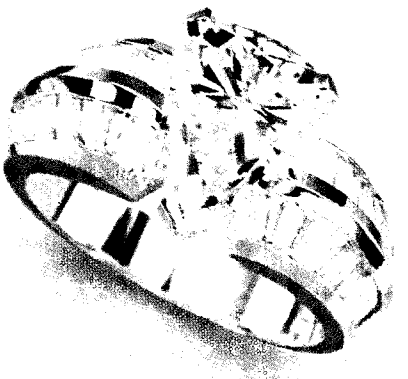

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